





RELIGIOUS POEMS.

BY

MRS. M. MARTIN,

AUTHOR OF "DAY-SPRING," ETC., ETC.

"Thy statutes have been my songs in the house of my pilgrimage."

PSALM cxix. 54.

"Unto the pilgrim, exiled long

From that blest home for which he sighs,

The only joy-inspiring song

Is that which points him to the skies."

REV. WM. C. DANA.

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P R E F A C E .

THESE poems have been the recreation of a teacher's life. And though Sir William Temple says, "None ever was a great poet who ever applied himself much to any thing else," and though a school has unquestionably the first claim on the best intellectual energies of every conscientious teacher, yet, in his brief intervals of recess, may he be permitted the indulgence of giving vent to thoughts which, if not eliciting or taxing the highest powers of mind in writer or reader, may nevertheless be not without sanitary influences for both. To this character it is humbly hoped these poems may lay some claim, as condensing into small compass, for the special benefit of the young, the recital of God's dealings with his Church and people from "the beginning" until now; and,

moreover, as being associated, directly or indirectly, with many passages in the Holy Scriptures.

To my numerous pupils in various parts of the country, now filling some of the most responsible stations of life, it is believed this present effort will be recommended, if not by reason of literary ability, yet by association; and, above all, by the thought, She “yet speaketh.”

Dedication.

TO

THE CAUSE OF HIM

WHOSE "PRAISE I SEEK,
WHOSE FROWN CAN DISAPPOINT THE PROUDEST STRAIN,
WHOSE APPROBATION PROSPER EVEN MINE,"

THIS HUMBLE EFFORT

IS PRAYERFULLY TENDERED.

CHRISTIANITY.



PART I.—ITS PROGRESS.

So shall her holy bounds increase,
With walls of praise and gates of peace;
So shall the vine which martyrs' tears
And blood sustained in other years,
 With fresher life be clothed upon,
And to the world in beauty show
Like the rose-plants of Jericho,
 And glorious as Lebanon.

WHITTIER.

Religious Poems.

CHRISTIANITY.

PART I.—ITS PROGRESS.

A NOBLE bard, rapt and inspired, hath sung
Of our first parents, and what evil sprung
From their offence; what guilt on us entailed
By one man's disobedience; nor hath failed
To show the great remedial antidote,
In the redemption for us dearly bought:
E'en by one man's obedience, how man hath
Escaped th' impending doom of Heaven's wrath;
How, by the terms, repentance towards God,
And faith in Christ, our interest in his blood,
By that atoning blood our peace is made—
Justice is satisfied, the debt is paid.

Thou also me inspire, who didst inspire
Th' immortal bard with true poetic fire:

Me, little and unknown, who yet would raise
One note to swell the pæan of thy praise—
One humble argument for thy great cause;
Then what were human censure or applause,
If God approve the effort and the aim,
Feeble but honest, in his blessed name?
Fearless, my muse no "middle flight" shall know,
But to the Source of truth, for truth shall go,
Its progress and its power shall then portray,
Its final triumph and its world-wide sway.

"Go preach my gospel" to the ends of earth;
Thus were the heralds of the truth sent forth
By thine own mandate, Lord of all mankind,
To heal the sick, restore the maimed and blind,
The lepers cleanse, the dead again raise up
To life anew, and energy and hope,
Till thine own truth no miracle should need,
Firmly established as the nation's creed.
Like power, not like commission was withheld;
This, still the preacher of the word propelled,
And shall propel, till sin and guilt have fled,
And souls no more in Satan's chains are led.
O, they were preachers in that early day,
And that was preaching that so won its way
Above all prejudice, beyond all fear,
That made the way, the truth, the life, appear

Plain to the understanding and the heart.
 O, with what energy did they impart
 Their glorious message to the list'ning crowd,
 Before the influence of truth that bowed,
 Cut to the heart by that resistless word,
 That pierces even as a two-edged sword.
 Thou wilt be felt in potency and might,
 Sword of God's Spirit, wielded if aright;
 Conquering, and still to conquer, thou'lt go on,
 Till all the foes of truth are overthrown.

O for such preaching now as Peter's was,
 To give like impetus to Heaven's cause,
 As on that glorious pentecostal day,
 When thousands were reclaimed from error's way—
 When thousands were converted unto God,
 And claimed an interest in a Saviour's blood!
 Still, faithful preaching shall for this suffice:
 Be cheered thy heart, O legate of the skies,
 Strengthened thy hands, until the end of time—
 Truth shall not fail of this its end sublime,
 If heralds of the truth but faithful prove,
 In carrying out the great designs of love,
 The world's conversion by the preached word:
 For this were raised up, by our gracious Lord,
 The apostle-preachers of that early time,
 To teach a faith, both simple and sublime,

Suiting alike the unlettered and the learned,
And all so potent, while from sin it turned,
To paths of righteousness it did allure
The learned, the ignorant, the rich, the poor.

And chief among the consecrated band,
Give glorious place to him of Gentile land;
To him "the chiefest" not a whit behind,
Though once unto the persecutors joined,
Yet now in labors most abundant found;
(Where sin abounded, grace doth more abound :)
The scales removed, at length, from off his eyes,
"Behold the Lamb, the atoning Lamb," he cries,
Preaches Him now to governors and kings;
To high, to low, to rich, to poor, he brings
The gospel's richest, purest offerings,
With energy proclaims his Master's cause,
With zeal, that heaviness nor coldness knows,
With love, that death nor danger ever fears,
That stripes and menaces nor heeds nor hears,
In journeyings oft, in weariness and pain,
In perils many, by the land and main,
In hunger, thirst, in cold, and nakedness,
In all that doth afflict and doth oppress,
By persecution, contumely, scorn,
All for the Master's sake how meekly borne !

As precious ointment Paul's good name abide,
Who for his Lord so nobly lived and died.

Stephen, first martyr of that glorious band
Who poured their blood upon a guilty land—
Seed of the Church that precious blood did prove—
O, Stephen ! full of faith, and zeal, and love,
Full of the Holy Ghost ; who looked on high,
Then smiled at Persecution standing by ;
When, asking God his murd'ers to forgive,
And praying Christ his spirit to receive,
He fell asleep. He did not live in vain,
Nor die a death of obloquy and pain ;
A noble army from his ashes sprung,
That through the world the loud alarum rung :
“ Up, up, the cause is God's ; count nothing dear,
Life, friends, estate, despise all coward fear,
Care not for country, heritage, or home,
So that Christ's kingdom upon earth shall come.”

O, noble army that stood up for God !
Confessing him through death, and tears, and blood,
That joyfully endured the loss of all,
Braved what the stoutest heart might well appall,
The stake, the fagot, hunger, cold, and thirst ;
Let man, blind, impotent, do all his worst,

If Christ be near to nerve the martyr's heart,
What fears he man's or even devil's art?
This, this the spirit of those pristine days!
O, ever blessed be a God of grace,
That moved and strengthened to the glorious part,
That gave the faith, that braced the martyr's heart!
For who had stood aloof from prophet, sage,
Whom type or antitype could ne'er engage,
Whom not the Teacher, when himself on earth,
To query or to hearken could draw forth,
The martyrs drew—their blood sent forth a cry
That reached, at length, the careless passer-by:
He stopped, he paused: "There may be truth in
this—

Momentous truth there may be; ay, there *is*."
His eyes, his heart, are open to believe,
Into his soul the truth he doth receive,
Goes preaching it, and living it, then dies,
While deeming small and poor the sacrifice,
A life of penury, a death of pain,
So that he Christ may win and heaven gain.

Then persecutions, long and bloody, ceased;
The infant Church in numbers still increased,
Though mostly were they of God's humble poor—
Not many learned or noble might endure

The Galilean's still despised name,
 The cross's contumely, loss and shame—
 Till, lo! the very highest of the high,
 Taught by the sign that gleamed along the sky,
 A radiant cross, the Christian's sacred sign,
 Proclaimed the new religion all Divine.
 O, praised be God, that in that early age
 The truth appeared upon that ample page!
 That Constantine the Great did read aright
 Those letters written with the pen of light,
 That God's own finger set his seal on high,
 And "By this conquer," wrote upon the sky!

"I will, I do obey the heavenly sign,
 And now confess the mandate all Divine;
 The Christian's God henceforward do I own,
 And worship him, the living God, alone;
 All other gods, as idols, I resign—
 The God of hosts, alone, be henceforth mine.
 Jehovah, Lord of lords and King of kings,
 Accept the tribute that my spirit brings;
 Thy subject I, do with me as thou wilt,
 But, Lord, absolve me of the land's foul guilt,
 That idol-worship that I held so long,
 And did thereby myself and people wrong—
 From that foul guilt absolve me, Lord, and them,
 Then henceforth shall each effort and each aim

Be for thy glory, for thy blessed cause ;
So shall my empire's manners, customs, laws,
Be regulated by thy law Divine,
And all I have, and all I am, be thine !”

Thus spake the Christian monarch. On that night
In dreams appeared to him a form of light,
Our Lord and Saviour ! who confirmed and sealed
Upon his heart the sign to sight revealed.

A change came o'er his life. Some error still
Abode, perchance, as error ever will,
While man is human, and some acts were done
Not in accordance as with Christ put on,
Yet sore repented of : oft counselled wrong,
While yet his new-born faith was far from strong ;
But that one God, the Lord, should rule and reign,
And perish every pagan idol's fane,
This was his object, this his one great aim,
Since first upon himself he took that Name
Before which every other name shall bow,
And every idol fall prostrate and low.

The cause of God, the holy One in Three,
Then triumphed o'er the old idolatry,
Till reign of Julian, of apostate fame,
Who, to his everlasting sin and shame,

Destruction vowed that cause, and, in its stead,
Polytheism, with its hydra head,
Strove to establish by such wicked arts
As are conceived of by the basest hearts.
By love turned hatred, it has been averred,
The deadliest passions of the soul are stirred,
And hate has never half so hellish proved,
As when its object is what once was loved.
This hate th' apostate urged and goaded on
To acts for which there's palliation none ;
This caused the coward, the assassin-mark,
That aimed a victim's death-blow in the dark ;
This caused him every stratagem to use,
His kingly power to cunning craft abuse,
Low libels utter, slanders vile assert,
The nascent faith to crush and to subvert.
"Evince her miracles a falsity,
Disprove her prophecies; and where," cried he,
"Will be her boasting and her glory then?
Rebuild her temple, that completed when
Christianity's disproved by her own word,
Against her shall the wrath of men be stirred.
The temple, ay, the temple we'll rebuild ;
The word of prophecy then unfulfilled,
This new religion shall a byword be,
Mankind its vanity constrained to see."

Unto the work, with willing heart and hand,
Behold them linked, an eager, anxious band;
Unto the task with joyful haste they fall,
They toil apace, their progress is but small—
Ay, worse than small, for now the troubled earth
Great balls of fire doth seem to vomit forth;
Repeated earthquakes shake the solid ground,
Death and destruction threatening around.
Heaven is against them : scared, they flee away;
The temple's not rebuilt unto this day;
The Lord cut short the persecutor's day,
Who perished soon mid battle's fierce array,
Compelled to own, in that last trying scene,
The conqu'ring power of the great Nazarene.
Perish shall all thine enemies, O Lord,
Who dare oppose thine everlasting word !

Christianity, that suffered at the stake,
By sword and fagot, for the Master's sake,
Must now severer, hotter ordeal prove,
From all the blandishments of artful love.
The court's religion now must rule the world;
Sound trump and tabor, pennon be unfurled,
To herald to the world this new régime;
Pomp, pageantry, and show might best beseeem
The advent of a new and splendid rule,
The downfall of the temple and the school.

Religion thus bedizened and bedecked,
How soon thy pristine glory ruined, wrecked !
Simplicity soon gone, and Mammon's art
Then wrought its common, its corrupting part ;
The true religion soon declined and died,
By her own followers slandered and belied.
“Not of the world I am,” Religion said ;
Her followers the assertion empty made.
True, from their shrines were pagan idols hurled,
But one was set up in their hearts—the world,
And gorgeous churches gaudy altars proved,
Not God, but vanity, supremely loved ;
Unto God's glory, nominally, reared,
His glory in those temples ne'er appeared.
What are earth's pageantry and pomp to Him
Who glorious dwells between the cherubim ?
What off'ring, gilded roof and pictured wall,
Compared unto the contrite spirit's call ?
What were artistic music's softest sound,
Unto the praise for pard'ning mercy found ?

The Spirit's work, the great ones of the earth
Discarded from the Church, as nothing worth ;
Offended were fastidious eyes and ears
With sinners' earnest groans, and sighs, and tears ;
“The decencies of worship” were kept up,
But gone were faith and charity and hope.

Then what was left the haughty Church beside,
But to be pander to the people's pride?
Or the fierce persecutor of the few,
Who soon the power of pride besotted knew,
The pride that works destruction; soon did feel
Those faithful few that ruthless arm of steel,
By bigotry propelled, to pierce them through
With many sorrows; nearer but they grew
Unto that bleeding side, once pierced for them,
Then joyfully confessed him in the flame,
And glory gave him, at the rack or stake,
That they were called to suffer for His sake,
Who died for all, for all who rose again:
What were a martyr's death of fiercest pain,
Might they but win the glorious reward
Promised unto the faithful by their Lord!

Prouder and prouder grew that recreant Church;
Few that opposed her might elude her search;
Her Inquisition, Argus-eyed and fierce,
Did every nook and every crevice pierce,
At home, abroad, by night as well as day,
For subjects for her grand auto-da-fé,
For victims for her horrid dungeon-hold,
Where human bones the direful story told
Of tortures, manacles, starvation, thirst.
O demon, under Christian guise the worst!

Vile author of that engine of the pit,
Against thee we may not in judgment sit;
One rules above, who unto all doth mete
As they have meted; charge her with it not,
That generous queen of heart with pity fraught;
She was deceived, betrayed unto the act;
The world, thank God, has long since known the fact.
'Tis due to truth, to justice, that we screen
Thy name from calumny, Spain's noble queen;
And due to both that we hold up to shame,
To infamy, vile Torquemada's name,
With sanctimonious seeming who imbrued
His guilty hands deep in a brother's blood,
In His high name whose great command is love.
Might not God's image him to mercy move?
Him to relent to them for conscience sake,
Who braved the cross, the fagot, and the stake?
Relent? ah, when did bigotry relent?
Fire may be quenched, and flood may be up-pent,
The fury of the tempest may be bound,
But when was bigotry relenting found?

At last, the Reformation's Morning Star
Arose in beauty; faint, although, and far,
Its beams at first, they ushered in the day
When error's night before the truth gave way,

And Papal glory, at meridian height,
Paled and grew dim before that dawning light.
From Rome's own bosom sprang the Church's Hope;
Full well he knew with what compelled to cope;
Rome's depth of error he had sounded well,
Her darkness pierced within his cloister-cell.
By that "chained lamp" he read his duty clear;
Guided by that, although it cost him dear—
Though devils lay as thick as did the tiles
Upon the housetops—he would foil their wiles;
Girt with the Spirit's sword, would dauntless go,
And to the world the truth of God would show.
Go, noble man! God give thee nerves of steel;
Upon thy words doth hang the world's true weal.
He spoke. The world, amazed, enlightened, heard,
Nor heart, unprejudiced, sincere, demurred
To the true verdict it did there accord
To him, the champion of God's blessed word;
To Luther, brave defender of the right,
Who shed upon his race that flood of light,
By opening wide bright revelation's page,
By freely giving it to youth and age,
To rich and poor, unto the bond and free,
That priceless boon, that richest legacy,
Which soon, by rarest art's coincidence,
Made easy purchase for the poor man's pence;

A new world opened for its circuit wide,
Free course it had then, and was glorified.
Printing, the Reformation, the New World,
Soon error from her seat of triumph hurled,
And light and knowledge their white flag unfurled.

THE REFORMATION.

THE Papal power was at its height
In Leo's splendid reign ;
St. Peter's loomed upon the sight
In architecture's noonday light ;
E'en Angelo was vain
Of this rare trophy of his art,
And Rome exulted on her part,
Ay, over and again,
That it was hers, this world's proud boast,
Her glory and her pride ;
What though it gold in millions cost,
And blood and tears beside,
Though arts and "pious frauds" were used,
Kindness, credulity abused,
Sales of indulgence cried,
So that upheld the Church's pride,
And so the building-fund supplied,
Who, who might dare to chide ?

One, one was there who raised his voice
Against the Church's sin,
One, well may Christendom rejoice,
One who had nobly made his choice
A martyr's crown to win,
Or by the gospel's blessed light
Dispel the mists of error's night
The Church was groping in.
The work was mighty, but the Lord
Had promised strength and grace,
And so, depending on that word
None ever can displace,
The Church's guilt, that cried to heaven,
Her sin unshrived and unforgiven,
He fearlessly laid bare ;
Corruptions that had sought the night,
Exposed by God's unerring light,
All startling did appear ;
Ay, startling, for they roused and raised
At length a slumb'ring world,
Who at them, God of heaven be praised !
While Rome stood stricken and amazed,
Anathemas thick hurled.
And he the glorious vanguard led,
Who to the Church's rescue sped,
He first the flag unfurled

That waved o'er superstition's fall,
 Nor little did he heed
 If then it made his funeral pall,
 It mattered not, indeed;
 If but the Church that storm outride,
 What import how or where he died?
 O, Luther of the lion heart!
 Time's centuries have not cancelled yet,
 To thee, the world's uncounted debt—
 No, not the smallest part!

When the Eighth Henry, spurning Papal rule,
 Resolved no more to be the willing tool
 Of fraud and violence, though he did compound,
 To his disgrace 't will evermore redound,
 For sins, alas, to which he was inclined,
 By damning those to which he had no mind.
 Still the great good was wrought, to God be praise,
 Ended were gloomy superstition's days;
 At least her reign was past, her power was checked,
 Not the whole country's faith was henceforth wrecked.
 Much individual suffering and wrong,
 For conscience sake, did to the age belong,
 And ages after, yet the nation whole
 Ne'er bled again: no fiery tide did roll
 Ever again so furious and so high
 As in the times of trial just gone by.

For though a Rogers and a Cranmer burned,
And Latimer and Ridley, too, are mourned,
With many others, who the victims were
Of bigotry, that calls it sin to spare,
Still the dark days were over, praised be God!
No more had Bigotry secure abode—
Uneasy dwelt she, for the people's arm,
Nerved by Jehovah's, menaced her with harm.
When with the people's doth God's strength unite,
Vice is despoiled and virtue gains the right;
So, though in Protestant as Papal land,
Did persecution sometimes light her brand,
For years to come, yet never, never more
Was she unchained and rampant as before.

Although the Roundheads and the Cavaliers
Embroidered the kingdom in their wars for years;
Though pilgrim fathers left their native land,
And fearless sought a far and foreign strand
Where they might worship God as seemed them best,
Where quiet "Friends," this liberty in quest,
Were persecuted by the men who knew
Fell persecution, and had fled her too;
Although New England's wise ones and her great
Consigned poor witches to a direful fate,
Old harmless women of no evil found,
But just suspected, must be burned or drowned,

Still there was that at work would break the spell
 Of bigotry and superstition fell,
 Whose spirit was not quite extinguish'd, when,
 To bless the world, went forth those saintly men,
 Wesley and Whitefield, to their cost who proved
 The evil demon lived, ay, lived and moved ;
 Yet scorned they all the efforts, puny, vile,
 That had deterred them from their work of toil ;
 The Church's coldness and the prelate's scorn,
 All, all, how cheerfully, how meekly borne !

What though their names as evil were cast out ;
 What though their work met with suspicion, doubt,
 Though by the bad denounced, and by the good,
 Who not its scope or bearing understood,—
 Not that its promptings all were from above,
 Not that it was of mercy and of love.

The souls were God's—the souls they needs must save,
 Though lukewarm priests and worldly bishops rave ;
 If not *with* permit of the Church, *without*,
 Their Master's business they must be about,
 In colliery, in common, heath, or lane,
 By night, by day, in sunshine, and in rain ;
 For pulpit, aught their feet might stand upon,
 A board, a rock, perchance, or a gravestone ;

For temple, coal-pit, shed, or open air :
So that they might the gospel message bear
To dying men, they little thought or cared,
Meanwhile, how their own dying bodies fared.

Who saw the travail of their souls did bless
Their godlike labors with enlarged success ;
Thousands on thousands blessed the happy hour
When first through them they felt the gospel's power ;
The vital warmth went through the Church entire,
Till not a part but felt the living fire.
God grant it to increase, till sin's consumed,
Till light of life is over all relumed,
Till the whole Church return to pristine days,
When all her children's life was prayer and praise,
When love the essence of their being made,
When love, but love, did every heart pervade.
The Church with love the world shall overcome,
And love constrain her wand'ers to their home ;
The Church, the Church, that ever shall abide,
Built on the rock, Christ Jesus crucified ;
Than this foundation, other none can lay,
And this foundation none can take away ;
For as the pillars of th' eternal throne,
Firm stands that Rock the Church is built upon.

CHRISTIANITY.

PART II.—ITS POWER.

RELIGION! Providence! an after state!
Here is solid footing—here is solid rock—
This can support us: all is sea beside.

YOUNG.

To what can reason such effects assign,
Transcending Nature, but to laws Divine?

DRYDEN.

CHRISTIANITY.

PART II.—ITS POWER.

RELIGION! be upon my brow,
Thy purity appear;
Religion! let mine eye avow
Thy quiet presence e'er.

Religion! be upon my tongue,
My words thy truth make known;
Religion! let my harp be strung
Unto thy praise alone.

Religion! be within my hand,
And open it full free,
When want or sorrow shall demand
A deed of charity.

Religion! be within my heart,
Ah, most of all be there,
Thy life and spirit there impart,
And thou'lt be everywhere!

Religion of the Bible ! Heavenly theme !
Nor out of time or place let critic deem
The humble but enthusiastic love
That doth the muse to this bold effort move.
Give me one heart to glow along the page,
One Christian heart, whose grief it shall assuage,
Brighten its hope, confirm its faith—this meed
For my poor pains were recompense indeed.
Some good to do, though in an humble way,
Be the one object of my life's short day,
And this accomplished, power, and wealth, and fame,
In lieu of this, to me be but a name.

O, blest religion ! what were human life,
Its wars, distractions, tumults, noise, and strife,
Without the check of thy restraining power ?
How soon would sin and folly rule the hour !
Remember France ! how streamed her streets with
 blood,
When high upreared the goddess Reason stood !
Her atheist murd'ers, murdered in their turn,
How caused their crimes that gayest land to mourn !
Her crownèd heads, her lofty ones laid low
Beneath Rebellion's sanguinary blow ;
Her mock'ry decade, the sweet Sabbath's death—
The death of hope, and charity, and faith.

Dark, deep the rivers of the blood then spilt,
But darker, deeper was the land's foul guilt;
Religion banished, what remained beside
But ruin deep and desolation wide?

Ye lands that have your churches open free,
Your Bibles unrestricted, blest are ye;
Religion reigning with benignant sway,
Thrice blessèd are ye in your time and day!
How sweet the Sabbath opens o'er the land,
Converting, with a more than magic wand,
The din and turmoil of the world to peace,
Commanding rude commotions all to cease,
Grateful alike to wearied man and beast,
Sweet to the soul, the Christian soul at least.
In Scotia is its hallowed influence known,
And not in Scotia's favored land alone,
But thou, New England, well mayst lead the host
Of Sabbath-keeping countries; well mayst boast
The Sabbath's prevalence o'er all thy land,
Since first the Pilgrim's footsteps touched thy strand.

NEW ENGLAND SABBATH.

NEW ENGLAND Sabbath! O, how calm
To the tempest-tossèd soul!
O, how like a blessed balm,
Soothing, healing, making whole

Wounds and bruises of the heart,
All the spirit's rude commotion,
All its "legion" made depart
By such Sabbath-day's devotion.

New England Sabbath ! O, how sweet
To the soul thy noiseless rest !
Not a voice along the street,
Not a jarring sound—how blest !
Blest indeed ! and type how true
Of the rest and quiet even
That the soul doth often view
In its antepast of heaven !

New England Sabbath ! O, how dear
Shall thy retrospection be !
Earth and heaven brought so near
With thy sweet solemnity.
Sabbath, Nature seems to keep
Every thing in sacred keeping,
Sanctity so pure and deep
In its spirit all things steeping.

New England Sabbath ! O, how holy !
Is there in the world beside
One with naught of melancholy,
That so stillly doth abide ?

Without mirth, yet ever cheerful;
Without laughter, yet with joy:
O, New England, well be careful
Of thy Sabbath's right employ!

Blest be the land, where'er on earth it be,
Where every soul to worship God is free;
Where name or sect is all unknown to harm,
Protected kindly by the law's strong arm.
O, Freedom! men have highly rated thee;
Give me, 'bove all, religious liberty—
Civil, political, I'd spurn it all!
No freedom where my conscience is in thrall.
Religious liberty! with them of yore,
To find thee, I would seek some foreign shore,
Leave my own hill-sides and my fathers' graves,
And brave, for thee, the ocean's stormy waves,
The Indian's yell, the murderous tomahawk,
The barbèd arrow's most relentless stroke,
Or scourge, or famine, or disease, or death,
All, one and all, for an untrammelled faith.
No marvel, men of God, ye sought the moors
For a secure retreat for you and yours,
Holding conventicle by cave and dell,
Away from power and persecution fell:
No marvel Waldens, down the rock's rude side
Precipitated, for this freedom died;

No marvel that the martyrs glad did burn,
Nor from the stake a recreant glance did turn.
What were a life of threescore years and ten
To the right minds and hearts of Christian men,
Who keep eternity full in their view?
What might be proffered unto them in lieu?
And what were time? a speck upon the wave
To that eternity beyond the grave!
What gives eternity its hope, but faith—
A faith illumining the vale of death,
And lighting every footstep of the road
That leads to heaven, to glory, and to God?

O, give me faith, and I will dare
The wildest blast of worldly care;
The direst shock of human wo
That ever caused a mortal throe.

O, give me faith, and I will show
A being purified by wo;
A martyr's spirit mid the fire,
To triumph on the flaming pyre.

O, give me faith, and I will brook
The coldest glance, the haughtiest look,
Th' envenomed tongue to brand my name
With darkest epithet of shame.

O, give me faith, and I will brave
The distant ocean's stormy wave,
The reckless fury of the surge,
That would my sinking bark submerge.

O, give me faith, and I will go
On Afric sand or Arctic snow,
Where none but savage foot hath trod,
To tell the message of my God.

O, give me faith, and I will stay
Obscure and humble all my day,
Unprized, unnoted, and unknown,
Forgotten but by God alone.

O, give me faith, and even more
I'll do than I've recounted o'er :
By faith alone I'm weak or strong—
To faith doth all the power belong.

O, give me faith, Thou who didst give
The breath whereby I move and live :
My soul by faith must live and move,
Till changed to sight in realms above.

O, give me faith, this blessing high,
By which I'll fearless live or die ;

By which I'll welcome life or death :
O, grant me, Lord, a Christian faith !

When, bright with hope, our sun of life
 Carcers along a cloudless sky ;
When glowing nature all is rife
 With charms to gladden heart and eye ;
When flattering fortune seems to strew
 Her wealth and honors at our feet ;
When words of friendship seem most true,
 And vows of love most sure and sweet ;
Prosperity ! thy sunny smile
May be a soul-destroying wile ;
Thy balmy gales may carry death ;
Believer, hold thy saving faith !

When sinks the buoyant spirit down ;
 When heavy is the heart and eye ;
When evermore a withering frown
 Seems on us wheresoc'er we fly ;
When poverty, and want, and care,
 Harass till nature seems to fail ;
When words of friends are empty air,
 And lover's vows an idle tale :
Adversity, in all thy wo
The trièd soul to thee may owe

Its triumph in the hour of death :
Believer, hold thy conquering faith !

Descry yon vessel, tost upon the wave :
Shall the next billow make her watery grave ?
Hark ! a wild cry is borne upon the air !
Now the loud shriek, the yelling of despair ;
Now forms are flitting at the vessel's prow,
Now at the stern ; one gains the mast-top now :
Yet, hark ! a strain of music, soft and low,
Amid the din and hurrying to and fro,
A hymn of praise from that Moravian band,
With voices clear and countenances bland :
What, know their hearts no fear, when death is nigh ?
Hear their own words : " We're not afraid to die."

 " It is a fearful thing
To see the human soul take wing
In any shape, in any mood :"
So saith the poet not imbued
With that transforming, living faith
That beautifies and brightens death,
 And throws a halo o'er the hour
When life is like the ebb-tide waning ;
E'en as the rainbow, while 'tis raining,
 As the sun burnishing the shower,
Each rainbow in prismatic lustre
Appearing as a diamond cluster :

That faith, that hope, the rainbow glorious,
O'er the dark night of death victorious,
Unflickering, effulgent, warming,
That darkness into day transforming.

Gaze on that lovely one : consumption's doom
Is hastening her to an untimely tomb ;
Hers, fortune, friends, and genius ; yet all
Must yield her up at Death's relentless call :
Fades day by day the rose-tint from her cheek,
And daily grows she weaker ; and thus weak,
Is she not daunted at the approach of him,
The " King of Terrors," horrible and grim ?
Will she not shrink from his unyielding clutch,
Nor seek t' evade his blighting, withering touch ?
Thus fragile, the last conflict will she dare ?
Has she been nerved by mighty faith and prayer ?
What words ? " I'm ready ! " 'tis her own dear voice :
She's more than conqueror, rejoice ! rejoice !

Look on the boy, young, active, buoyant, fair,
Scarce sixteen summers leave no trace of care ;
Young hope is smiling, and fair fancy views
The world, the beauteous world, in rainbow hues ;
But like a flower, bright in meridian ray,
That one hath noted, nipt, ere close of day,

So drooped the youth. What, die so young—so soon !
Sure life were but unsatisfying boon,
So soon cut off ! Was this in all his thought ?
O, no ! O, no ! Grateful, he blessed his lot,
That here some precious foretaste had been given
Of joys superior, waiting him in heaven.
“Afraid to die ! no more am I,” he said,
“Than to lie down to sleep upon my bed.
Weep not, my mother ; sing to me of heaven :
Glory to God and to the Lamb be given !”
With glory on his lips, he passed away
Unto the glory of the climes of day.

That dying wife and mother, must she leave
Her cherished ones, nor murmur once, nor grieve ?
What, leave her husband and her children all !
Shall not such parting her poor heart appall ?
No ! from her Christian heart already faith
Extracted hath this sharpest sting of death,
And she her Saviour well can trust for hers.
The summons comes, and she not once demurs :
What though the blessed husband of her youth
Is ever near with heart of love and truth ;
What though the little ones are weeping round,
And there the babe to which her life seemed bound ;
The wife, the mother, calmly all doth view,
And blessing each, bids them a long adieu ;

And from those loved, with whom she might not
stay,
With words like these she gently passed away.

This world is beautiful and bright,
O, scarce one cloud hath dimmed my sky,
And yet no gloomy shades of night
Are gathering round me, though I die;
But there's a lovelier land of light,
Illumed by Bethlehem's beaming star:
E'en now it bursts upon my sight—
To be with Christ is better far!

Yes, yes, I leave ye all behind,
My husband, children—it is best:
A mother's heart hath e'en resigned
The smiling infant at her breast.
How much it costs I may not say,
Nor, O, how very dear ye are:
The pang is o'er, I must away—
To be with Christ is better far!

True, life is sweet and friends are dear,
And youth and health are pleasant things,
Yet leave I all without a tear,
No sad regret my bosom wrings.

The ties of earth are broken all :
My chainless soul above yon star
Shall wing its way beyond recall—
To be with Christ is better far.

And this is death ! My soul is calm,
No sting is here, the strife is done :
Glory to God and to the Lamb !
Sweet triumph over death I've won :
A crown immortal, robes of white,
For me in heaven awaiting are ;
There clad in glory, clothed with light,
To be with Christ is better far.

To be with Christ, with angel bands,
The new Jerusalem my home,
And there my house not made with hands,
Where I may welcome ye to come.
Beloved ones of earth, no care
In that blest home our peace shall mar.
O, heaven ! sweet heaven ! I'll soon be there—
To be with Christ is better far.

See ye yon widowed mother o'er the bier
Of her fair babe so precious and so dear ?
'Twas her sole solace since the dreadful day
When Death removed her partner and her stay :

This little one, e'en sleeping or awake,
Sweet solace to the poor bereavèd spake :
It lay upon her bosom, and its breath
Was redolent of health—none deemed of death—
When suddenly 't was from the bosom torn
Of that fond mother, now indeed forlorn.
Yet mark her faith : " The Lord is true and just :
Although he slay me, yet in him I'll trust ;"
And Christian faith and hope are blended here
In plaintive wailing o'er her infant bier.

LAMENT FOR THE LOVED.

My little one, my sweet one, that lay upon my breast
Beloved and loving dearly, caressing and caressed ;
How shall I miss thee, dear one, at morning, noon,
and night ;
My lamb, my bird of beauty, my darling, my de-
light !
O, all the thousand pretty names I used to call thee,
dear,
How mournfully and piteously they fall upon my
ear,
Like to the knell funereal of all the fragrant hours,
When life was beautified and blest by thee, my flower
of flowers.

I thought, when that dark sorrow fell so heavy on my
heart,
That I would—O, how gladly!—from all of earth
depart;
But thy sweet smiles aroused me to life and hope
again;
When the grace of God empowered thee to mitigate
my pain,
To draw me from myself, and from my sinful, selfish
grief,
And by thy blessed influence to bring my heart re-
lief;
For while I blessed the God of grace who gave thee
unto me,
A sunbeam on my spirit's depths in its dread agony.

He gave, but he remandeth: he lent, but he recalls:
Again upon his strength divine my fainting spirit
falls.
Forsake me not, O God, my Lord! but vouchsafe to
my soul
Some prop, some stay, some anchorage, when high the
billows roll:
They threaten to o'erwhelm me quite, e'en as they did
of yore,
And min'stering angel in my child, alas, I have no
more;

No solace from my lovely one to lighten my heart's
care—

Now what is left me but a life of darkness and despair?

Rash mother ! yes, indeed am I, to breathe such words
as these !

My angel child is near me still, her mother still she
sees,

And watches o'er her with a love surpassing that of
earth,

As perfect and as pure as is the heaven that gave it
birth.

This is the promise of the Lord, and thus the Scrip-
ture saith :

My heart, my broken, bleeding heart, lay hold on this
by faith ;

By sight no longer let me live, for faith shall give to
me

The loved, the lost of earth, in heaven my guardian
ones to be.

Ascend that narrow flight of stairs with me :

A sight for angels I would have thee see,

One tried with sorrow, want, and long disease,

Yet on her brow Heaven's signet-seal of peace.

That stricken one through all hath murmured not

That such calamity hath been her lot :

No, she rejoiceth, for the grace of God
Aboundeth, even in this mean abode,
That often cheered is by some Christian friend,
Who hither to this upper room doth wend,
And finds that humble garret there to be
A Bethel to the soul—a sanctuary.
Doth one deny His influence for good?
That stricken one, if any, surely should.
But, no, she so discourseth heavenly things,
So unto heart and mind their beauty brings;
So by example, as by precept, shows
How much unto religion's balm she owes,
That she, bedridden many years, and poor,
Yet all things joyfully doth still endure,
Waiting with patience till, as tried by fire,
The Lord say, "'Tis enough, now come up higher."
This staggers skepticism : faith is here :
The gift of God to all this must appear.
So did it strike thy truth-inquiring mind,
Thou, that e'en there the pearl of price didst find,
And then for joy, young minister of God,
Straightway proclaimed the tidings all abroad :
So that poor sufferer, from her sick-bed,
Led thee to where thou hast so many led,
E'en to the cross of Him, his life who gave,
A guilty world to succor and to save.

O, vast our influence for good or ill !
None are exempt—the power is in the will ;
And if a will, there always is a way—
An axiom true, none surely can gainsay.
As all thou hast, the Lord hath given thee,
To Him subservient thou and thine must be ;
Thou but His steward, though thy riches more
Than those of Lydia's king, in days of yore.
From thy full coffers count a noble sum,
A means to let God's blessed kingdom come.
Let youth and health be on th' alert to fly,
And mental, moral strength be ever nigh :
Be soul's and body's energies put forth
In furtherance of the cause of God on earth ;
The best of all thou art and hast must thus
Give to the gospel-car new impetus.

O, how that lovely one of royal line
Glided like Mercy, heavenly and divine,
To lowliest cot and hovel of the poor !
Ministering one, thou didst all hearts allure
A while to virtue, by the virtues seen
In Charlotte, England's young and pious queen.

And she, "the Friend," friend of her sex and race,
In wealth abounding, and yet more in grace,

Gave of her wealth, and time, and talents too,
To Newgate's shameless and neglected crew—
So won upon them, till their hearts did move
To purity, and peace, and Christian love.

And he, not to one prison-house confined,
Would cleanse the Augean jails of human kind.
Where'er a dismal prison-house appeared,
His presence, like the blessed sunshine, cheered,
Till he a victim to his work became :
To Christendom, O, need I tell his name ?

And there was one, who went the heart to cheer
Of the poor Indian on our own frontier,
Unmindful of the crocodile and snake,
While forcing passage through the tangled brake,
The panther's cry, nor yet the wolf's dread howl,
The grisly bear that on his path did prowl.
God's power to save, e'en in the lion's den,
'Twas his to claim, he knew, e'en there and then.

And one, on wings of faith and love, that flew
To Afric's shores, that power to claim he knew,
To save his life, or so confirm his faith,
That he would welcome either life or death :
" What though they fall, the missionary host ?
A thousand fall, ere Africa be lost ! "

Another, leaving turret, dome, and spire,
Church-going bell, and organ, chant, and choir,
And cushioned pew, and audience refined,
Turns to the poor of most unlettered mind,
In the rude hut, beneath the gum tree's shade,
To lead a worship void of all parade;
In the low swamp or rice-field finds a grave,
But gives the gospel to the negro slave.
No sculptured cenotaph for him doth rise:
Enough, his soul has passed into the skies,
And from his God, if not from man, he's won,
Ere now, the glorious plaudit of "Well done!"

Religion of my country! come with power,
Diffuse thy blessings as a golden shower;
Our churches, Bibles, charities, are thine;
We own, we bless thine influence divine
O'er every institution of the land,
Where thou art traced benignant, gentle, bland,
Softening, ameliorating, blessing each,
And woman's worth thyself the first to teach;
For where no Christian influence we trace
In her behalf, there sad indeed her case:
In heathen land, the tyrant's drudge or slave,
Or paramour, she welcomes but the grave;
In Christian land, her thousand household cares
Religion soothes, though sympathy ne'er shares

As by the sick-bed, bearing, day by day,
Disease's fretfulness, rocking alway
The cradle of most querulous old age,
Or now life's opposite, life's earliest stage,
Her cradled infant doth her care engage;
Night after night, disturbed her needful rest,
Yet, but for all, the babe more fondly blessed:
Or now a husband's coldness called to prove,
She bears her cause unto a God above,
And lays his case before the mercy-seat,
Whom, though degraded, 'tis her part to meet
Kindly and calmly, for she is his wife,
And not from her must come hard words and strife.
Friends, fortune, all depart, yet she lives on,
Living on hope, when hope is well-nigh gone.
What so sustains and strengthens to endure?
Religion only, undefiled and pure!

Religion, I have seen thee whence the gay,
Perchance, would turn fastidiously away:
They will not enter that low hut with me,
Or there a sight for angels they might see.
See, on the pallet where yon negro lies,
An heir of glory destined for the skies.
Hark to the hymn of praise, anon the prayer,
Now hallelujah's shoutings fill the air;

For Canaan's just in view, and angel-band
He sees, his convoy to that better land.
Why stand aloof? be neither high nor proud:
Beside that bed I've seen the mighty bowed,
His noble master, and his mistress too,
Who, with their servant, kept one heaven in view:
From him they part, as from a Christian friend;
Together now in prayer their voices blend,
And now in praise; but he is far away,
High, high above them, in the climes of day.

Come, leave thy doubts, or lay them by;
Waive all thy vain philosophy;
A little moment let thy heart
With all its pride of science part;
In pure simplicity incline
Unto one lesson all divine;
Then come with "reason's" eye the while,
And note that negro's dying-smile.

What means it, that enraptured eye,
Upraised in holy ecstasy?
What means it, that illumined face,
Those lips that only move in praise?
Death is no "King of Terrors" here,
He causes neither dread nor fear.

With unbelief this reconcile—
Doubt fades before that dying-smile!

That tells thee, 'tis the glorious hope
Which lifts the fainting spirit up;
That tells thee, 'tis the precious faith
Which every true believer hath;
That tells thee, 'tis the love divine
Which doth the soul to Jesus join;
An answer to thee, without guile,
Will give that negro's dying-smile.

Come, heed it, it will tell thee more
Than every page of learned lore:
Come, mark it, it will more convey
Than all the light of science may;
'Twill prove a soul, a God, a heaven,
A mortal's sins through Christ forgiven.
O, come and ponder now, the while,
That Christian negro's dying-smile.

Religion! brightener of the home fireside,
Albeit thy influence spreads far and wide,
Yet here at home how precious is it shown,
And how the heart its blessing here doth own!
See the domestic circle gathered round:
Here peace, if ever, surely should be found:

How 'tis reflected from each cheerful face
As quietly each takes his wonted place
For household worship. The big Bible there,
The stand drawn out, tell 'tis the hour of prayer :
The priest, the father, prays, and every knee
Is bent in reverence and humility :
Parents and children, servants, all are there,
To offer up the sacrifice of prayer.

'Twas at the hour of worship : they had all,
The happy household, met in the neat hall,
To celebrate the praise of Him who made
Them rich in every blessing ; and they paid
Him richest adoration of the heart,
Worship pure, simple, with no gloss of art.
'Twas a sweet scene : "the big ha' Bible" lay
Before the husband : not a glance did stray
From off that holy book ; but when he sought
To know if some great truth were duly brought
Unto the minds of the beloved around,
When answering glance in the dear eyes was found,
How lighted up his face with pious glow,
As God's eternal truth he tried to show.
The wife was there, meek-eyed and lofty-browed,
A gentle spirit, neither high nor proud ;
Kind unto all, but most unto the poor,
Who never went unanswered from her door,

Nor unadvised to shun the ways of ill,
To turn to God, and do his holy will.
A blessed helpmeet she, in very truth,
To him, the pious husband of her youth :
The children, too, were there, young happy things,
Their parents' joy : their cherished being brings
To human hearts, united and made one,
The purest bliss that Nature calls her own.
And she, the dear grandmother, there was seen :
Old age in her, how calm and how serene !
No peevish whinings of the good past days,
But happy in the present—few her “says,”
But they are kind and full of Christian grace :
Sweet, cheerful piety shines in her face.
She blesses here—when in the grave she'll rest,
Her children shall arise and call her blest,
And children's children her to bless shall rise,
Who pointed first their pathway to the skies.

And now the hour of praise and prayer is o'er,
The kind “good-night” is said, and now no more ;
But the dear kiss the sweet young lips must claim
From father, mother, grandma, each the same.
Peace be around thee, ever happy home !
May no rude blast of sorrow ever come,
No sad reverse, no rude assault of sin,
To writhe and tear the gentle hearts within ;

But may their days glide gently as a stream,
Refreshing and refreshed; life's journey seem
But the smooth pathway to that better land,
Where they shall always dwell at God's right hand.

Religion, whether in the scenes of peace,
Where the rude clangor of the strife doth cease,
Or whether in the fierce conflict of war,
Where the loud sound of slaughter knells afar,
Thou mayest in either yet possess a place:
From him, the patriot, God withholds no grace,
Who fights for duty, not false honor's sake.
Religion may her peaceful dwelling make
E'en in the camp as in the cloistered cell,
And on the field as in the closet dwell:
Like her great Author, omnipresent she,
And the world blesseth her ubiquity.

Have you not seen her in the rural cot?
"Dairyman's daughter," who remembereth not
The piety that lent thy life its charm?
And where's the piety that would not warm
At thy discourse, good "shepherd of the plain?"
Who would not hear thy grateful "grace" again—
Again, instructed, hear these words from thee,
"What weather pleases God, *that* pleases me?"

In that sequestered spot none other sees,
But God in heaven, that saint upon his knees.
Sublime the thought ! in audience is he,
That mortal man, with God the Deity !
Behold, he prays ! and, wonderful, doth move,
With power of prayer, the Power that rules above.
And, O, what worlds of light and glory are
Revealed to him by faith and fervent prayer !
Heaven opens ; angels, gloriously bright,
Burst with effulgence on his raptured sight.
He mounts, he soars ; earth is beneath his feet ;
Prayer is communion holy, high, and sweet.
What beatific views ! how wondrous fair
The prospect opened to the soul by prayer !

Prevailing prayer, *our* sacrifice !
E'en like Manoah's, reach the skies ;
There gain the gracious ear on high,
Still open to the sinner's cry ;
Inclining still to all who pray,
It never tires nor turns away.

Effectual prayer ! the Christian's power
To bring down blessings as a shower,
To bid the dews of heavenly grace
Descend and purify each place ;

To cause each hour of prayer to be,
Lord ! a refreshing time from thee.

O, faithful prayer ! our strength'ning stay,
Support us in each evil day :
Through prayer we trust for all the grace
That emanates from Jesus' face ;
For all the blessings he doth give,
We've but to "ask" and to "receive."

O, mighty prayer ! our being's life,
Sustain us through this mortal strife ;
Exert thine influence on high
To raise the mind unto the sky ;
To vivify the heart and soul ;
To move the God that moves the whole.

Prayer, spirit of each sigh and tear,
Soul of our wants and wishes here,
Breath of our every longing, rise
And bear our cause unto the skies ;
Be heard at Mercy's seat above,
And answer through a Saviour's love.

Believer, in thy faith, come without fear
To the baptism, to the fountain clear,

Or to the font at sacred chancel come ;
And, little one, within thy cradle-home,
Or in parental arms, come, thou shalt be
Partaker of the blessing promised thee !
Believer, yield, by this same blessèd rite,
Thyself, thy babe ; well-pleasing in God's sight
The mode or manner, so the proffered gift
With a free heart to him thou dost uplift ;
He will accept the sacrifice of love,
He will his presence in the ord'nance prove,
And thee its faithful subject call up higher,
To baptism of Holy Ghost and fire.

THE FREE-WILL OFFERING.

Babe ! how beautiful and bright !
O, 't was but a month ago,
First appearing to my sight
At the font—how fair wast thou !
'T was, indeed, a sight for heaven,
Thy young parents bringing thee
Unto God, an offering given,
By baptism, full and free.

Yes, the gift was full and free,
Love and faith commingling there :
O, methinks I now can see
That sweet babe, so young and fair ;

That young father, that young mother :
Such a scene of earthly bliss
Changed so soon unto another—
O, how different all from this !

Stretched upon the lifeless bier,
Nipped that bud of promise lay :
Paleness, coldness, death were there,
Mildew, blight, “woe worth the day !”
Blasted was the beauteous flower
On the fond parental stem ;
In the briefness of an hour
Shivered into dust a gem.

But, although a mother’s wail
From the depths of woe proceeded,
And the father’s cheek grew pale,
Yet for all it was not needed
To remind them that the gift
Was a free-will offering given :
Christian faith was there to lift
Christian hope from earth to heaven.

Behold the sacramental table spread,
The sacred elements, the wine, the bread,
Memorial of the death that brought us life—
That death and passion to us rich and rife

With grace unbounded, with redemption free,
Wrought out for us, heirs of eternity;
Memorial touching of that glorious death,
Let our communion be with lively faith,
Discerning the Lord's body, and the end
Accomplished by his passion apprehend;
Thus to partake, with faith, indeed were good
As manna to the soul, as angels' food.

How could they leave that altar
When entreated so to stay?
Did not they seem to falter
As they rose to go away?
Was there no sign of sadness,
No sigh or tear, to say
For them there was no gladness,
Who denied their Lord to-day?
I stayed, and there were others,
Some few who did not go,
My sisters and my brothers.
How the oil of joy did flow
At that banquet of salvation!
To that feast of love to-day,
Lord! how free thine invitation!
But the crowd went all away.

Why do they go? Did they but know that joy
That's only tasted here without alloy,

Joy of the Lord, which is the Christian's strength;
Did they but know it in its breadth and length,
Its richness, fulness, freeness; did they know
How God the Lord can dwell with men below;
That fellowship divine, communion high,
That Jacob's-ladder reaching to the sky,
Our life in Him, His indwelling in us,
Heaven here begun, here antedated thus,
Sure they would stay, and magnify the grace
That hath provided for them such a place.
Extolled for ever be the matchless love
That one poor sinner's heart did ever move
Unto the fountain open wide and free,
Unto the "Rock of Ages cleft for me!"

O, blest religion, holy, pure, refined,
Blest to the human heart, th' immortal mind!
O, is there one who hath not felt thy power
O'er erring mortals' darkest, deadliest hour—
One who hath never felt thy check to ill,
Thy spur to good, restraining selfish will;
One who hath never felt his mind imbued
With gratitude for unexpected good,
With love and reverence for the unseen Hand
Which scatters mercies o'er a smiling land,
In rich abundance bids the harvest grow,
The rains descend, meandering rivers flow,

And freshening breezes blow, and dews distil;
Supplies the brook, and feeds the crystal rill;
Covers the earth with grassy carpet o'er,
A living verdure smiles from shore to shore,
And trees, and flowers, and tiniest shrubs are clad—
God smiles on all, and all his works are glad.

The heart of man must feel this, or he must
Be senseless as his own primeval dust.
But yet, if to Heaven's mercies not alive,
Can man against his Maker's judgments strive;
In blind obtuseness see He has not frowned
When Pestilence and Famine stalk around;
Hear not His anger in the tempest's roar,
Which sinks the homeward sail to rise no more;
Fear not His wrath in yonder boding storm,
And shrink not when a God makes bare his arm?
Art thou an Atheist? No! thou canst but feel
There is a God, who cares for human weal,
A God of grace in all his works must view,
A God of mercy, but of justice too.

And who the works of Providence doth scan,
And views creation's noblest creature, man,
Turns inward on himself reflection's eye,
A being born for immortality,

A spirit soaring still, and formed to soar,
A mind the depths of knowledge to explore,
A heart of soft affection and desire,
A soul illumed with spark of heavenly fire,
But feels himself created by a God—
Exults to feel it, e'en in this abode?
For though abased from high primeval state,
Yet still not desperate nor undone his fate;
For still Jehovah unto him doth give
The blest prerogative to turn and live;
And Mercy's door is open free and wide
As ever was a blest Redeemer's side;
And he may plead each precious drop of blood
Which issued from that dying Lamb of God;
For every groan upon the cross he gave
Was but the earnest of his power to save.
O, all-redeeming, all-atoning blood,
So freely shed for every sinner's good;
O, healing stream! O, cleansing fount divine!
I glory thou art free for me and mine!
I glory in thy virtue unconfined,
That thou art free for all of human kind!

Who sees the beauty of this gospel plan,
Its adaptation to the wants of man,
Its use and fitness for our human kind,
To elevate, direct, and poise the mind;

Who marks its blessèd influence on the heart
To higher motives, nobler aims impart,
To cause to flourish justice, goodness, truth,
Enliven age, and chasten joyous youth,
Prepare for disappointments and distress,
Nor causing to enjoy or feel the less,
Framing our feelings to our earthly lot,
Teaching this world to value as we ought,
E'en as a transient, passing pilgrim should,
Whose hopes are fixed upon a higher good ;
Who sees but to admire and to approve,
And its great Author to adore and love ?
Religion's love ! O, then, from pole to pole,
This love diffuse to every human soul.
The Greenlander hath felt it in his heart ;
The South Sea islander hath seen depart
His demon "legion" for the "Prince of Peace,"
To bid contentions, wars, and tumults cease.
Th' untutored Indian and unlettered slave
Have heard of Him who came to seek and save.
All, all shall hear of Him ; the nations all
Shall hear the gospel's universal call :
Soon truth immortal every land pervade !
Soon light and life be to the world conveyed !
Then righteousness in plenteous streams shall flow,
As down the streets, when all this love shall know.

This love, that turneth veriest foe to friend;
This love, the stubborn spirit that can bend;
That melts the stony heart like yielding wax;
That does the iron hand at length relax;
That makes the eyes, unused to melting mood,
For others' woes pour forth a copious flood;
That opens wide the purse for others' need,
Doth clothe the naked and the hungry feed;
This love, that turns the wrath of man to peace,
How did it cause at once their hate to cease,
That had for years burned with destroying ire,
Time quenching not, but adding to the fire,
Till by convicting grace induced to seek
Pardon and peace, as sinners poor and weak!
Lo! at the altar of their God they've met!
O, who that touching scene can e'er forget?
They rush into each other's open arms;
(Love lays the tempest, calms the fiercest storms;)
Now, locked in manly, generous embrace,
Behold those foes! Say, is not this of grace?

The lion with the lamb shall lay him down,
A little child shall lead them: then no frown
Shall e'er deform the human face divine,
That with the beamings of God's love shall shine;
No pent-up wrath corrode the heart within,
No gust of passion cause the soul to sin;

Evil surmisings, jealousies, and hate
Shall no more in the bosom hell create ;
Love, love shall triumph ; love's potential sway
Shall rule and reign in God's millennial day.

The love of God for erring man would roll
The weight of sin oppressive from his soul ;
Would send, for this, th' awakening grace of God,
Show th' atoning merit of the blood,
The virtue of the fountain open free
In David's house for sin's impurity.
Prone in the dust he lies, that guilty one,
But for God's grace, that wretched and undone ;
When, lo ! to penitence and faith are given
The key that opens to his soul its heaven.
See how the joy of God's converting grace
Brightens his eye, illuminates his face !
The world appears an Eden to his view ;
His heart, the world, and every thing is new.

See him who, through God's sanctifying grace,
Hath gained on earth the Christian's highest place,
The moral Pisgah in life's wilderness,
The rest of faith, the spirit's oäsis.
Like to the angel living in the sun,
The poet saw, his day is never done :

No time of darkness to his soul doth come,
No shadows, clouds, no night of gathering gloom.
A glorious antepast to him is given,
While here on earth, of all the bliss of heaven ;
E'en here, as there, peace flowing as a river,
And joy, a fountain, welling up for ever.

Joy, joy, for ever ! for Christ shall come
To call his redeemed, his ransomed home.
Joy ! joy ! for the Lord shall a second time
Come down upon earth from the spheres sublime,
Leave the courts of glory for earth's poor ground :
With notes of joy let the world resound,
For he comes as a conqueror, comes as a king,
Salvation and honor his own to bring.
Joy ! joy ! for the Saviour shall come again,
As the Prince of Peace on the earth to reign.

O, when shall dawn that bright millennium day,
To scatter clouds and darkness all away ?
When shall the world see that convergèd light,
That blaze of glory making all things bright,
Irradiating every human soul,
Till grace and glory overspread the whole ?
O, when ?—But cease, impatient spirit : know,
The Lord's set time he may not please to show.

Go on thy way rejoicing : thou shalt see,
If not in time, yet in eternity,
The cross's mighty triumph, and its sway
O'er every land beneath the solar ray.
In glad anticipation of that day,
Rejoice, my soul, while here on earth you stay ;
For God unto his faithful ones e'en here
His presence shall vouchsafe, their hearts to cheer ;
Shall with his beamings make their faces shine,
And light their souls with effluence divine.
Blest impartation ! spread from soul to soul,
Till o'er the world the tide of glory roll !
God of my life ! now make my heart thine own,
Nor let it ever be to wandering prone !
O, help me, Lord ! helpless and weak am I :
Thou all my strength, be thou for ever nigh,
To strengthen and sustain my sinking soul,
When floods of sorrow and temptation roll ;
When billows dark of doubt and fear arise,
To hide thy glory from my waiting eyes ;
When all is striving to destroy my peace,
Lord, let thy loving-kindness never cease,
But dawn upon my gloom, and shine away
My doubts and fears, and make my darkness day ;
That I, until my earthly course is done,
With gladness my appointed race may run,

Till in thy presence, God of life and light,
Till in the radiance of thy beamings bright,
My soul shall bask, saved, sanctified on high,
Glorious and pure, through all eternity.

Oft in the twilight hour,
When light and shade are blending,
Religion comes in power,
My soul's commotion ending :
A holy calm is shed like balm ;
I know by many a token
That heavenly peace is sent to ease
The heart else well-nigh broken.
Thus in the twilight hour,
When light and shade are blending,
Religion comes in power,
My soul's commotion ending.

When I bethink me, oft,
Of all the past and passing,
Fain would I soar aloft,
From earthly care harassing.
O, here alway I would not stay,
Here tempest-tossed and driven ;
From all below, O, let me go
To rest, to peace, to heaven !

Oft in the twilight hour,
When light and shade are blending,
Religion comes in power,
My soul's commotion ending.

POEMS BY THE 'LAMP'LIGHT:

OR,

PARAPHRASED SCRIPTURES.

THY word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path.—PSALM cxix. 105.

My lips shall utter praise, when thou hast taught me thy statutes.—PSALM cxix. 171.

ALL SPEAK THY GLORY.

LUKE ii. 14.

ALL speak thy glory ! earth and sky,
The sun by day, the moon by night :
The planets, stars, all glorify
The King of kings, the Lord of light.

All, all of earth reveals thy power ;
Each mount and cave, each hill and dale,
Each tree, each blade of grass, each flower,
Each stone and brook, repeats the tale.

All beasts and birds combine to tell
Thy mighty power, and only thine :
The deep, and all that in there dwell,
Proclaim thy glorious power divine.

All speak the language of thy praise,
Though silent, yet expressing clear
The power, the glory, and the grace
Of God, who is for ever near.

And shall not man, who owes thee more
Than all of earth and all of sky,
Proclaim thy glory o'er and o'er,
Thou mighty God that rul'st on high?

Yea, surely 'tis his noblest theme;
May it on every tongue be found,
In every land, till earth shall seem
None other than Immanuel's ground!

ALONE, AND YET NOT ALL ALONE.

JOHN xvi. 32.

I CANNOT feel myself alone,
For, Jesus, thou art near!
I cannot, though the crowd hath gone,
Although the light of day hath flown,
And shades of night come stealing on,
I cannot feel it drear.

There is a light springs up to me,
When darkness shadows all,
As if a beacon-light to be
Upon my life's tempestuous sea.

Bright star, how pure and steadily
Thy beams upon me fall !

There is a voice unto mine ear,
When silence reigns around ;
It speaks to me, when none are near,
In strains so sweet, it well may cheer
The soul in its desponding fear,
That sweet seraphic sound.

Thee, Saviour ! while I see and hear,
Alone I cannot be ;
Nor lonely if that ray appear,
That "still small voice" to speak thee near ;
Thou art society most dear,
And my best company.

A B I D E W I T H U S .

Abide with us; for it is toward evening, and the day is far spent.—LUKE xxiv. 13-32.

As two to Emmaus did go,
The tide of talk did swiftly flow,
When one drew near: they did not know
'T was Jesus.

“What communings are these,” he said,
“That thus your hearts so sad have made?”
Then spake they, but no homage paid
To Jesus:

“A stranger thou, not to have known
The things that lately have been shown.”
“What things?” he said. Then spake they on
To Jesus:

“Concerning Christ the crucified;
We thought for Israel he had died,
And this the third day is beside;
Ah, Jesus!
But lately to the sepulchre

Some women went, who do aver
With angels there they did confer
Of Jesus,
Who told them he was yet alive :
Their hearts though did this news revive,
Yet some did not this faith derive
In Jesus."

Then to the ones so slow of heart,
This to believe did he impart
Some sign that might conviction dart
Of Jesus !

We know not, but as they drew nigh
Unto the village, loud their cry,
"Abide with us :'' perchance Faith's eye
Saw Jesus !

For thus their cry continued on,
" 'Tis toward eve, the day far gone."
Christ stayed, and soon to all was known
As Jesus.

He took their bread, it blessed, and gave
To them he came to seek and save,
To them he ransomed from the grave,
Blest Jesus !

Then opened he their eyes to see
Their Lord, who died on Calvary,
Then vanished from their sight : 't was he,
Their Jesus !

With us, O, Lord, 'tis toward eve,
The day far spent; ah, do not leave
Us to the night, who do receive
Thee, Jesus.

With us the morn of life is o'er,
The shadows lengthen more and more:
Abide with us—our hearts adore
Thee, Jesus.

The almond tree doth blossom white,
Time's furrows deepen to the sight,
Yet let our evening-time be light,
Lord Jesus.

Stay with us till the day appear—
A new bright day in yonder sphere,
Where there is neither night nor fear,
Where wiped away is every tear
By Jesus!

AFFLICTIONS COME NOT OF THE DUST.

JOB v. 6.

CHEER up, Christian ! though there lower
Clouds and darkness on thy way,
God will bring a brighter hour,
He will bring a better day—
Seest thou not its dawning ray ?

Storm and tempest, though they gather,
Though they threaten to destroy,
Fear not, but rejoice the rather,
That the Lord can them employ
As the ministers of joy.

Joy, for Love, but Love ordaineth
Storm and tempest as sunshine.
Christian ! faith alone explaineth
Why (we might not else divine)
Tempests brood o'er thee and thine.

Storms, unto the world external,
Are the ministers of good,
Blessings from a God supernal,
Giving comfort, health, and food,
Calling for our gratitude.

So unto the world within us,
Darkness adumbrates the day :
Trials are but sent to win us
From this dim, cloud-land away,
Unto where 'tis light for aye.

B O R N A G A I N .

JOHN iii. 7.

LET others, if they please, invoke
The muse's choicest strain
To celebrate their natal day ;
But rather far would I essay
To celebrate, with grateful lay,
The day my soul to life awoke,
When I was born again.

Just five and twenty years ago, •
The day dawned to me, when
My new, my better life began :
Forget the time I never can :
From earth to heaven the tidings ran ;
The angels there rejoiced to know
That I was born again.

The grace of God to magnify,
My soul cannot refrain,
That wrought the wondrous change in me,
And opened up my eyes to see
Things in thy light, eternity.
Ne'er go that day unheeded by,
When I was born again.

'Tis known to me, the time, the place,
The very moment when
God's Spirit witnessed unto mine
That I was saved through grace divine :
What light upon my soul did shine,
What floods of glory and of grace,
When I was born again !

The news came not with trumpet sound,
But still and soft : ah, then,

What peace was whispered to my soul,
When Christ did off my burden roll!
For I was every whit made whole,
And I, the lost, at last was found,
When I was born again.

Ah, yes, my humble muse would try
To tell, in grateful strain,
How grace my nature did renew,
And gave me God, in Christ, to view.
What debt of gratitude is due
By me unto my Lord, that I
Was ever born again!

THE BEATITUDES.

“BLESSED ARE THE POOR IN SPIRIT.”

BLESSED are the poor in spirit,
Claiming for themselves no merit,
Having nothing, yet, with all,
Feeling smallest of the small,
Poorest of the very poor,
Sighing never after more.

Blessed are the poor in spirit,
Who the kingdom do inherit:
All is theirs. The richest mine
Seeks the leanest land: the vine
And the olive doth abound
Often on the poorest ground.

Diamonds of the greatest worth
From the common coal come forth;
Pearls of purest ray serene
In the rudest shell are seen.
Blessed are the poor; they are
Oft the richer ones by far:

Richer far, if so by grace:
Who sets value by the case,
When there is within a gem
Fit for monarch's diadem?
Poor, though clad in silks and lace,
If the heart's not rich in grace.

To the poor, the truly poor,
God has promised blessings sure;
They who Christ do imitate,
Lowly, though of large estate,
Poor, though rich, and low, though high,
God shall bless abundantly.

Blessed are God's humble poor ;
Wide for them stands mercy's door ;
Enter in, the banquet view—
Rich and sumptuous, 'tis for you ;
You who ate the crumbs before,
Eat, and never hunger more.

Garments of salvation take ;
They were purchased for your sake ;
Golden harp and golden crown—
O, the glory, the renown
That await God's humble poor
Who unto the end endure !

By the poverty he bore,
Who, though rich, for us was poor,
With nowhere to lay His head—
By the suffering life he led,
By his sore and pressing need,
Shall his poor be rich indeed.

"BLESSED ARE THEY THAT MOURN."

BLESSED are they that mourn. His voice of love
 (The man of sorrows and acquaint with grief)
Comes in the potency that made it prove
 Efficient for their comfort and relief,
When, on the storm-tossed waves of Galilee,
That voice of mercy stilled the angry sea.

Blessed are they that mourn. The blackest cloud
 Is lined with silver, and the darkest night
Shows stars the brightest; even the thunder loud
 Preceded is by the electric light,
That purifies, invigorates, and clears,
Like the sun ushered in by mists and tears.

Like the blest bow of promise from the storm,
 There must be rain-tears, ere the sunbeam's smile
Might them into those diamond-drops transform
 That arch the sky, giving our faith, the while,
More than our childhood's whim, a golden base,
God's mercy, shining on its radiant face.

Blessed are they that mourn. Even Jesus wept.

Then tears are good, and it is good to go
To the sad house of mourning; hearts are kept
Unindurated by the sight of woe,
That else had been shut up in selfish rind,
Not going out for all of human kind.

Blessed are they that mourn, in Christ that mourn :
Their tears with his own hand he'll wipe away;
Their sorrow to rejoicing he will turn ;
And in his great and final judgment day
They shall stand near the throne arrayed in white,
Who've come through tribulation's long, dark night.

Mourner in Zion, lift thine eyes and see
Him glorious as the morning; see him turn
The sunshine of his presence upon thee.
Mourner rejoice, thou that in Christ dost mourn ;
Bask in the beamings of his glory bright,
And praise His name that 'tis no longer night.

“BLESSED ARE THE MEEK.”

“BLESSED are the meek.” Who, Lord, are “the meek?”

They who when smitten turn the other cheek,
Yet may not in their neighbor suffer sin,
But warn him of the danger he is in.

Who, when reviled, do not revile again;
Who, careful that their spirit, without stain,
God’s eye beholds, ne’er deem it sin or shame
That man should falsely judge or rashly blame.

They who for evil return naught but good;
For cursing, blessing; and for treatment rude,
The courtesy of true refinement show;
Give smiles for frowns, and a kiss for a blow.

Easy to be entreated, modest, mild,
Yet ne’er by soft words into sin beguiled;
Strong as a lion, gentle as a lamb,
Earnest and zealous, yet serene and calm.

Valiant for truth and strenuous for right,
Faith's warfare waging, not by human might,
Rebuking sin in such time, place, and mood,
That no one evil shall miscall their good.

They're not "the meek," because without the mind
Or energy to benefit mankind,
Or active virtue or efficient zeal,
As well to put forth effort as to feel.

They who would be "the meek," the truly meek,
Whom Jesus blesses, hear the Saviour speak
Thus: "I am meek and lowly, learn of me!"
Lesson divine! a God's humility!

Then take it home, ay, get it well by heart;
True meekness, pure religion's counterpart,
Learn of your Lord, 'tis His divine behest,
The soul must in His likeness find its rest.

"The meek" the earth inherit, for all things
For their enjoyment the soul's meekness brings;
Whom meekness blesses, shall be ever blest:
They rest for ever, who in Jesus rest.

“BLESSED ARE THEY WHICH DO HUNGER AND
THIRST AFTER RIGHTEOUSNESS, FOR THEY SHALL
BE FILLED.”

BLESSED are they which hunger and which thirst
For righteousness: they shall be always fed
With manna, (like God's people whom he led
Along the desert;) for them streams shall burst
(As erst for Israel) from the solid rock,
That was obedient to His servant's stroke.

They shall get honey from the honey-comb;
They shall be fed with finest of the wheat;
Butter and honey shall they have to eat;
Nor e'er in quest of it compelled to roam,
For Christ's provided for them everywhere
His banquet of salvation, rich and rare.

Good measure shall be given them, pressed down,
Shaken together, running o'er, a mess
Like Benjamin's, that would much love express.

God's boundless love His people's board doth crown

With the first-fruits and fatlings of the flock,
With corn and wine, and honey from the rock.

He'll make them to lie down in pastures green,
And lead them gently by the water still;
Poor souls an hungered may partake, at will,
Of angels' food, not diet coarse or mean,
But to the soul a gracious antepast
Of all that it anticipates at last.

Yes, from the granary of exhaustless grace,
More shall be given than they can contain,
As the earth saturated with the rain.

To God's abounding mercy be the praise
That His all-righteous providence hath willed
The soul athirst and hungry shall be filled.

“BLESSED ARE THE MERCIFUL.”

“BLESSED are the merciful,” a double blessing!
Blessing as well who giveth as receiveth;
Like to the sun, to all God's love expressing,
The evil as the good, mercy relieveth.

It asks not of the sufferer why or wherefore,
Ne'er passeth by upon the other side ;
But he's a man, a brother, suffering ; therefore
Compassion's bosom opens for him wide,
And doing for his case, as well as feeling,
Applies unto his wounds the balm of healing.

Blessed are the merciful. Our blessed Saviour,
Mercy personified, to earth descended,
That through his sufferings we might win the favor
Of him, the Judge, so grievously offended.
Yes, for our sakes Christ left the courts of glory,
And for our sins died upon Calvary.
Ah, ponder well redemption's wondrous story :
Sinner, Compassion bled for you and me ;
Mercy divine, all mercy else excelling,
The Godhead's mercy, Calvary is telling.

Shall I, unpitying and unrelenting,
Turn a deaf ear unto the cry of sorrow ?
No ! to the soul sorrowing, though late repenting,
May I my Saviour's pitying language borrow :
"Go, sin no more." O, to the soul that sinneth,
Let me, as I myself would hope for grace,
Deny not mercy, for 'tis mercy winneth
The favor that doth all my guilt erase ;
The free forgiveness and the full exemption
Wrought out for me by plenteous redemption.

“BLESSED ARE THE PURE IN HEART.”

BLESSED are the pure in heart ! O, to be pure
In thy pure eyes, infinite Purity ;
Purer than to behold iniquity,
With least allowance ! Thou the soul allure
Unto thyself ; thy purifying blood
Make clean the temple of the heart for God !

Blessed are the pure in heart, though purified
As in “the furnace seven times heated,” or
By any test severe or trial sore
By which the silver and the gold are tried ;
And that they may unto the end endure,
Supply the needed grace, but keep them pure.

Blessed are the pure in heart ! the “single eye,”
Making the body to be filled with light,
Causing the nature to emerge from night,
Giving the earth communion with the sky ;
Giving the creature man his God to see :
That perfect inner light, God grant to me !

Blessed are the pure in heart ! O, to be pure,
O, to have rest, eternal rest from sin,
To hear the mandate of God's love, "Be clean !"

O, Purity ! O, Love ! our souls allure
Unto the source, the spring, the fountain-head,
Whereby the sea of perfect love is fed.

Blessed are the pure in heart ! they shall see God :
See him in works of nature and in art ;
See him with the eye of faith, and with the heart ;

Behold him here, brightening this dim abode ;
And in that world that needeth not the sun,
Behold the glory of the eternal One.

"BLESSED ARE THE PEACE-MAKERS."

BLESSED are the peace-makers ! They create
Their element, the heaven, wherein they live :
A second time the peace-maker doth give

The legacy of Him whom cruel hate
Pursued to death. "My peace I give to you,"
Said the blest Saviour, with his end in view.

Peace, 'twas the angel's song : peace upon earth,
Good-will to men ! harmonious hymn of peace,
May the symphonious music never cease ;

But to the heavenly spheres that gave it birth
Be it reverberated back again,
Till the whole universe chimes in, "Amen !"

They are the children of the Prince of Peace,
Who on the earth sow peace. Beneath his wing,
Soft gales of grace their lullaby shall sing.

The storm may rise, the tempest may increase,
They from that covert shall look out and see
The "peace-branch" waving green and lovingly.

Who maketh peace, co-worker is with God,
Who calmed the waters with his word to peace ;
And when we cause contentions here to cease,

We're in the very path of peace he trod ;
The Spirit's blessed fruit is peace ; but the heart
Blessed with the gift, can the blest gift impart.

Peace, they who make it largely shall receive ;
The peace that passeth knowledge shall be theirs ;
God's children they ; if children, then God's heirs,

Joint-heirs with Christ. This for us to believe
Presumption were, if 'twere not greater still
To disbelieve, in this, God's word and will.

“BLESSED ARE THEY WHICH ARE PERSECUTED FOR
RIGHTEOUSNESS’ SAKE.”

BLESSED are the persecuted
For the sake of righteousness,
By the storm the deeper rooted
In the faith that they profess,
Faith to save the soul and bless.
As the clouds that darkest gather
Are not most destructive found,
But a benefaction rather
To the vegetation round,
To the air and to the ground.

Blessed, though their name as evil
By the wicked be cast out,
Though denounced by man and devil,
Though encompassèd about
By suspicion, fear, and doubt.
Though satanic legion utter
Curses on them loud and deep,
What to them the storm’s hoarse mutter,
When the Lord his watch doth keep,
Round them, waking and asleep!

Though the fires may gather round them,
Though deep calleth unto deep,
Though wrath's manacles have bound them,
And doth blaze the fagot-heap
For them who the faith do keep;
Fire and water shall not harm them,
Nor the scaffold, nor the stake :
Man's devices can't alarm them
Who Christ's sufferings partake,
Who endure them for His sake.

There is grace for every trial,
Strength sufficient for our day :
God to faith gives no denial,
And from hope withholds no ray,
And by love is found alway;
But to them in largest measure
Who do suffer for this name,
He dispenses heavenly treasure,
Grace in lieu of earthly fame,
Glory for the cross's shame.

O, to be accounted worthy
Here to suffer for our Lord !
Creatures of the earth, and earthy,
Have his glorious promise heard,
Be His name for it adored !

They who suffer with their Saviour ·
Here, shall reign with him in heaven :
Lord, what condescending favor !
To the persecuted, even
Unto death, what grace is given !

“BLESSED ARE YE WHEN MEN SHALL REVILE YOU,
AND PERSECUTE YOU, AND SHALL SAY ALL MAN-
NER OF EVIL AGAINST YOU FALSELY, FOR MY
SAKE.”

BLESSED ye, when men revile you
Falsely, for the Master's sake :
If “the primrose path” beguile you,
Not the rough and tangled brake
Slandered virtue hath to take.

Blessed ye, when men revile you
Falsely for the Master's sake :
Viperous venom can't defile you :
The death-rattle of the snake
Shall your vigilance awake.

Vigilance, to ward the danger,
By the shield of Christian faith,
That doth make the heart a stranger
To the fear of slander's breath,
Freighted with disease and death.

Blessed ye, when men revile you
Falsely for the Master's sake,
Better than fair words beguile you,
You a dreamy slumberer make,
You who should be wide awake.

Slander is no sleeping potion,
It contains no anodyne ;
Rather apt to put in motion,
Apt to set one to divine
What the wrong in me or mine ;

And what *is*, to exorcise it
By the power of faith and prayer ;
For 'tis proved by him who tries it,
Naught of sin, however fair,
Can that power and presence dare.

Have they not reviled each prophet,
Have they not reviled each saint,
With the language out of Tophet,
Curses, neither few nor faint,
That would virtue's self attain?

Did they not revile their Master,
 Heap reproaches on their Lord?
Did not railing come the faster,
 Was not wrath the greater stirred
 By each kind and gentle word?

What's the use of your replying
 To the Belials bent on strife?
What's the use of justifying?
 Never mind about denying,
 But by this, *a blameless life.*

That you can't escape, or hope to,
 That another one annoys,
That you cannot put a stop to,
 Let your heart in this rejoice,
 That should be the Christian's choice.

Subject e'en of exultation,
 Working from the evil good,
Out of suffering, our salvation,
 This, if rightly understood,
 When reviled, rejoice we would.

"Rejoice" is the word of Jesus;
 "Rejoice:" great is your reward
Where no discord e'er displeases,
 Where the sense is never jarred
 By a note too harsh or hard.

"THE BLIND SEE."

ISAIAH xxix. 18.

On reading about "Sister Mary Collins," and the gospel made plain to her blind eyes.

SISTER ! thou art blind no longer,
Blessed light has sprung to thee ;
Light, yes, clearer light, and stronger,
Than pertains to some who see.

O ! how sweet that emanation
From thy soul so long concealed,
Like the joy to young creation
When "the light" was first revealed !

Light, yes, sweeter light is given
Than illumed the distant pole,
Showing forth, not earth, but heaven
To a darkened human soul.

Some do have the light for ever
On their path, yet lose the way ;
Some possess the lamp, yet never
Cease to blindly go astray.

Some who have the lamp misuse it,
Or, neglectful, lay it by ;
Some possess it, yet refuse it
To some soul's benighted cry.

Some do wrest to their undoing
Precious words of life and light :
Some, the light still misconstruing,
Shroud their minds in error's night.

But, O thou, grateful and humble,
Light withheld thee, yet supplied,
Light whereby our feet do stumble,
For thy good, perchance, denied.

But that light, divinely precious,
Unabsorbed shall send its ray,
Glorious to thy soul, and gracious,
Shadowing forth eternal day.

O, the grace of God revealing,
Thus especially, indeed,
Simply from the sense of feeling,
That the blind His truth may read !

Sister ! read thy sins forgiven ;
Sister ! read thy title clear
To a heritage in heaven
Brighter than thy portion here.

Read, O, read redemption's story,
Life immortal brought to light !
Read, till grace is changed to glory !
Read, till faith is turned to sight.

SCENE AT CHURCH.

JOHN Y. 39.

'T WAS a calm night in which I took my way
Up to the house of God. The moon's clear ray
Lighted my steps, and showed me many more
That, like myself, did seek the temple's door
To enter in and worship. Ah, my spirit then,
Athirst and hungry for the word of life,
Did seek a full supply that evening, when
It strove to leave a while a busy world of strife.

When in that house of God, how did my heart
Then seek from earthly dreamings to depart !
How did my thoughts, my hopes, my wishes strive
To raise themselves, and be to God alive !
How did I pray and pant to feel once more
The richness of that manifested grace,
The fulness of that love I'd felt of yore,
The glory of the Father's reconciled face !

The preacher rose—sweet and serene his face,
Pale the outline of intellectual trace :
A clear, calm eye, benignant yet severe ;
Denoting, all might love, yet all revere.
A forehead of pure thought—hair slightly gray,
And thinly scattered o'er, as if to show
The classic head—but now too much I stray :
It was the preacher's words I'd have you know.

They were from John, that best “beloved” one,
The anointing of the Holy One, which none
May teach us of, but all may truly know,
Each for himself; and as we're taught, e'en so
Abide in him; that when he shall appear,
We may have confidence, and know no shame,
Even at His coming, then, to have no fear !
These were the words, nearly if not the same.

These were the words from which that man of God
(As Heaven's own true ambassador he stood)
Did such a stream of inspiration draw,
One might have thought e'en then the broken law
Was piercing, as a sword, each sinner's heart ;
For groans and bow'd heads did testify
The entrance of that keen convincing dart
Which does but probe to heal more faithfully.

And there were smile-lit faces and glad eyes,
And bosoms ravished with no earthly joys—
Lips uttering praise that could not be repressed,
For peace and glory filled each Christian breast.

O, there was each gradation of a power

Convincing, saving, sanctifying, there :

Most holy, precious, pentecostal hour,

My heart, remembering thee, goes out in prayer ;

Prayer to the only Answerer of prayer ;

Prayer to the God that gave his presence there

That hallowed eve, and showed his Spirit's power

Unto immortal souls, that memorable hour.

O, bless that hour when parent saw the child

Bow at the altar of its God ! when child

Saw the aged parent who had once reviled,

Now praise and bless a Saviour reconciled.

Husband and wife join in eternal bond,

And closer by a common Saviour owned ;

Sister and brother, in a nearer tie,

Enduring even as eternity :

Friends long estranged, now met to part no more,

But closer knit together are their hearts :

Cold doubts and dark suspicions all are o'er,

Love, naught but love, the Spirit's grace imparts.

And he, that man of God, his "unction" knew
Was from on high; full well he proved it true,
And owned his meek and quiet spirit, even,
That he a workman was approved of Heaven.
And O! that pure "anointing" from on high
May each receive, in sanctifying power,
Nor be ashamed when even He draws nigh,
The Lord Jehovah, in his judgment-hour.

DR. CHALMERS.

2 SAM. iii. 38.

I.

EAGLE of the mountain land,
Chief in mind of Scotia's strand,
Wielding, as with magic wand,
Mind of man, for mankind's good,
Restive will, or wayward mood;
Moulding, guiding, leading right,
Into knowledge, into light;
Star of most resplendent ray,
How we marked thee on thy way,

Thee at length rejoiced to trace
To thy glorious pride of place,
Shedding there effulgence round,
Brightening this earthly ground.

II.

Mightiest and meekest of them all,
Most fearless in the hour of danger,
How did that cloud upon thee fall,
Thee unto servile fear a stranger !
It roused thee but to do and dare
All for the Church's truth and honor,
With energy beyond compare
Ward off the threatened blow upon her,
Roll the reproach from her away,
The grace of God sustaining, guiding,
Till turned that darkness into day,
That storm of night then safe outriding.

III.

Workman that needeth not to be ashamed,
Laborer not only at "the eleventh hour,"
None e'er begrudged thy wages ; none e'er blamed
Thy Lord for granting thee a princely dower,
Power, influence, dominion of the mind,
His plaudit, and the plaudit of mankind ;

Faithful to thine appointed task all day,
But scarce put out toil-cheering lamp of night
When thy life's light too shed its latest ray,
The spark extinguished of thy being bright.

IV.

At morning dawn thy footstep is not heard ;
Later and later still, no sign of thee—
Of thee, that, early as the morning bird,
Gave unto God thy being's minstrelsy
Of praise and prayer, of words and works of love,
Nor yet about thy Father's business move :
Ended thy work*—the work of grace is done
In thee and by thee—glory is begun !

* When, after not appearing early in the morning, as was his wont, they entered his chamber, he was found dead in his bed.

CENTENARY HYMN.

JAMES iii. 5.

A HUNDRED years of faith and prayers
Since first that little band
Beheld the cloud, with hopes and fears,
Rise, small as human hand.
O, had they lived to see it spread
Itself from shore to shore,
Its streams of sweet salvation shed,
Its floods of glory pour !

A hundred years of prayers and tears,
And joyfully we stand
On conquered ground—the world appears
Almost Immanuel's land.
The reign of terror all is past :
Our fathers felt its pain,
But victory, victory's on the blast ;
Our God appears to reign !

A hundred years, then prophets, seers
Had ne'er foretold this day
An end of all our doubts and fears,
A place to praise and pray.
Our fathers' feet had often not
A place whereon to stand;
But grace hath triumphed, and hath got
The freedom of the land.

A hundred years, a hundred years,
A hundred years ago—
How short its checkered time appears,
As memory's tide doth flow!
E'en now I see that little band
Go forth, with faith and prayer,
And quickly speed o'er all the land
Their message to declare.

'Twas sounded with a trumpet-voice,
It reached the high, the low:
How many hearts it made rejoice
A hundred years ago!
Joy, joy is still upon the sound;
Give to the winds our fears!
The grace of God shall more abound
Through every hundred years!

CHRIST HEALING THE SICK.

MATTHEW xxi. 14.

THOU art the Healer! Lord, they come,
The sick, the maimed, the lame, the blind,
The plagued, the palsied, deaf and dumb,
In eagerness do haste to find
E'en where the great Physician dwelleth,
So potent for their every cure—
The Lord, the Christ, that so excelleth
In remedies both safe and sure.
Unto their Lord behold them pressing,
Who hath in store for each a blessing.
O, Saviour! 'tis thy name they're naming,
Thy grace and goodness all proclaiming.

Thou art the Healer! I will come
With all my weight of human woe :
'Twere vain for me to count the sum
Of mine afflictions. Thou dost know

Their strength and number, great Physician,
Sufficient art thou for their cure :
Rebuke them, Lord, and their dismissal
Most speedy shall be, and most sure.
O Lord ! Thy timely aid I'm needing ;
Thou wilt not disregard my pleading :
O Saviour ! one of all most ailing
Would prove thy love and power unfailing.

Look down with pity on me, Lord !
Helpless and impotent am I :
O, speak but one benignant word,
Cast on me but compassion's eye :
One tone, one glance, were all-sufficient
For life, and health, and hope for ever,
And to the sin-sick soul efficient
Of peace that floweth as a river.
There is no joy, there is no pleasure,
No gem of earth, no worldly treasure
Compared to Heaven's grace unbounded
Unto the soul that sin hath wounded.

To whom but Thee, Lord, should I go ?
Thou art the best Physician. Thou
Alone canst Gilead's balm bestow—
O, might I prove its virtue now !

In power and wisdom all excelling,
Nor to the humblest cry unheeding,
And one—O, never one repelling,
So thou wilt surely hear my pleading.
Then, Lord, upon Thy name I'm calling,
And at thy blessed feet I'm falling :
Yes, I am healed, and strength is given
To magnify Thee, God of Heaven !

WHAT IS THY DREAM ?

JEREMIAH xxiii. 28.

WHAT is thy dream, young dreamer, say ?
I mark the smiles as round they play ;
Thy half-closed lips, that now seem to move
To reveal thy dreaming, that it is *love*.

What is thy dream now, in manhood's hour ?
Why thy lips' compression, thy forehead's lower ?
Why that sudden start ?—Ah, deep's the game
Thou art playing now—for thy dream is *fame*.

What is thy dream, now thy head is gray?
What might it be, will no sign betray?
I'll have it, then, though it be by stealth,
I've pinched thee sore—ha! I hear, 'tis *wealth*.

What is thy dream, now that death is near?
What is thy dream? is it one of fear?
Yea, thy cheek is blenched and thy frame is shaken—
What's thy dream? Would the question *might thee*
awaken!

DEATH'S DOINGS.

LAM. i. 20.

THE pleasure I loved and the mirth I adored,
The jest I applauded, the song I encored,
Have lost all their sweetness, their joy unto me;
Nay, from them my sick heart most gladly would flee.

For death is now ever between me and all:
He stalks at the play-house, he strides at the ball,
He sneers in the jest, and he shrieks in the song:
Nowhere can I 'scape him, he's ever along.

The face of a friend—ah ! behold he is there !
The voice of a lover—'tis his that I hear !
The hand of the dearest and nearest—ah, no ;
'Tis Death's cold and bony I find, to my woe !

Where do I not see him ? In all that is fair,
A bird, or a floweret, his shadow is there :
In cheeks that are rosy, in eyes that are bright,
Behold, he is there, ever ready to blight.

Where shall I not find him ? ah, where ? tell me
where ?

But tell me that place, and I'll cease to despair,
Where he is all-powerless, and boasts no control.
What answer ? Poor mortal, look into thy soul !

NOT DEAD, BUT SLEEPETH.

MATTHEW ix. 24.

“Not dead, but sleepeth.” Calm and quiet
Is the Christian's dreamless rest,
Till wakened by Almighty fiat,
Till summoned by Divine behest.

“Not dead, but sleepeth” till *the morning*,
When, at the trumpet’s stirring voice,
The soul with beauty is adorning
Again the temple of its choice.

“Not dead, but sleepeth.” Rude commotion,
Clangor and strife shall vex no more :
Now life’s frail bark has crossed the ocean,
Now storms and tempests all are o’er.

“Not dead, but sleepeth.” Gained the haven,
We rejoice, though lingering here—
Upon our hearts though deep engraven
E’en all that rendered thee so dear.

“Not dead, but sleepeth.” We are waking,
Toiling throughout life’s work-a-day.
How blest the sleep that knows no breaking!
How sweet the slumber calm alway!

“Not dead, but sleepeth.” Rest unbroken,
May *we* attain a rest like thee!
Surely—the promise hath been spoken—
’Tis ours to claim it, full and free.

“Not dead, but sleepeth.” Trust unshaken
And faith unfeigned we’ll imitate :
Then hope, like thee, to sleep, to waken
Unto like glorified estate.

“Not dead, but sleepeth.” Aged father,
Sisters, and widow, infant child!
Bereavèd cluster! comfort gather,
Christ can becalm the grief-storm wild.

“Not dead, but sleepeth.” Woe’s high billow
Christ can command to soft repose;
Then let His bosom be your pillow:
How much you need that rest, He knows.

JOINING THE CHURCH.

PSALM xxvii. 4.

My God, my God, approve the deed!
My Saviour, smile on it with love!
O, bless it as a means to lead
My soul unto its home above.

O, Holy Spirit, fill my heart,
That joyful I my course may run;
Grant me to act a faithful part,
Nor weary till my work is done.

Let me adorn thy doctrine, Lord !

O, let thy law be my delight,
And on my heart engrave thy word,
To guide and keep me in the right.

My words and actions free from blame,

O, closely may I follow thee,
Nor cast a shadow on thy name,
Thou Lamb of God that diedst for me.

He took my sins and bore their load,

And freed me from their guilt and woe :
O, let me ne'er forget, my God,
The debt of gratitude I owe !

DEATH IN CHURCH.

“DIED, in the Presbyterian Church of this place, on Sacrament-Sunday, just before the communion, Mrs. ISABELLA S. WALLIS.”—*Tuscaloosa* (Ala.) *Flag of the Union*.

1 COR. xv. 54.

YEA, 'twas a glorious death, or rather, sure,
A bright translation. O, it doth allure,
The thought of that sweet stingless death,
Unto a life like hers, of holy faith,
So that, at last, we'll scarcely need to die,
So ready for transition to the sky.

It was a calm and holy Sabbath morn
When she her quiet spirit did adorn
With new supply of sanctifying grace,
To meet her Lord in His appointed place,
In His own temple, there to praise and pray,
And bless Him for a Church and Sabbath-day.

Then entered she into its gates with praise,
That sanctuary of her Sabbath-days.

It was communion-morn ; the table spread ;
The sacred elements, the wine, the bread,
Were there for her : for her the Saviour died ;
The Lord of life for her was crucified.

Such thoughts revolving in her mind, as o'er
She pondered that high love but to adore,
The richness of that all-redeeming grace,
So full, so free, to an apostate race,
With pious gratitude her heart ran o'er,
While God, her Saviour God, she loved the more.
But who may know the rapture of that soul,
When joy ecstatic burst through all control ?
No eye she saw but God's, and heard no voice
But His, her Saviour's, bidding her rejoice.
'Twas heaven indeed, within, around, about,
And "Glory ! glory ! glory !" was the shout.
And 'twas her last and latest here below :
Even with a shout her spirit plumed to go,
As with a faint exclaim, " My God ! my God !"
Her soul took wing unto His blest abode,
To join the worship of the saints on high,
And swell a shout of "glory" in the sky.

CHURCH DEDICATION HYMN.

2 CHRON. v. 1.

O LORD, come view thy holy place :
Thine be it, thine, O God of grace !
Consent to claim it now, and make
Thy dwelling here for Jesus' sake.

Be with us, Lord, and that will be
The best of all : O, let us see
Thy stately steppings here within,
To cast out every work of sin.

O, fit it for thy temple, Lord,
The sanctuary of thy word,
The place where prayer and praise shall rise
In one perpetual sacrifice ;

Till all thine own almighty power
Deseend in blessings as a shower ;
Till one abounding stream of grace
Shall fill and purify the place ;

Till temple, priest and people be
All wholly sanctified to thee,
Made free from every spot of sin,
And clean, as thou, O Lord, art clean !

OUR DEPARTED.

JOB i. 21.

THE star has sped away to heaven,
To shine unsullied there ;
The floweret from the earth been riven,
To bloom in God's parterre.

And though this sinful world of ours
Needs all that's bright and fair,
Sweet influence of stars and flowers
To shed their blessings rare,—

Yet higher claims than earth has heaven,
Which but remands its own :
Such precious things were never given
To us, but as a loan.

IN THE EVENING-TIME IT SHALL BE
LIGHT.

ZECH. xiv. 7.

HAST thou ne'er seen the sun at parting day,
Evolving light more lovely and serene
Than when, in brightness of meridian ray,
The eye itself would fainly from it screen?

Welcome! how welcome to the sons of toil,
As to the Christian, that declining sun!
His setting all significant the while
Of daily task and duty well-nigh done.

And then the glory of that parting light,
Fraught with the promise of another day,
When vanished all the gloomy shades of night
With his returning and life-giving ray.

Yes, to the Christian's dim, declining years,
There springeth up a light, lovely and pure,
Sustaining, cheering, banishing all fears,
Imparting faith and hope, steadfast and sure;

Of ended toil, with end of life's long day ;
Of brighter morning, and more glorious sun ;
Old things of earth for ever passed away,
And a new, better life in heaven begun ;

Of partings, over ; joyful meetings, where
Our loved and honored ones have gone before ;
Our long-departed—they'll be waiting there
To welcome us, where parting is no more ;

Where light shall be as never seen before,
Even in our Christian evening-time of day,
Shedding the halo of its glory o'er,
Where the Lamb is the light of every ray.



FALLING PRINCES.

PSALM xlii. 7.

STARS of peerless light are falling,
Deep is calling unto deep ;
O ! the signs are most appalling,
Did not God the city keep.

Though bereaved and heavy-hearted
For our princes lying low,
Yet the glory's not departed,
But a while bedimmed its glow.

After eventide, sun setting
Beams his soft refracted ray,
While the waiting world is getting
Light to lengthen out its day :
So, when lights are disappearing
From this moral hemisphere,
Shed they yet an effluence cheering,
Beaming on and blessing here.

Like the rose, that leaves its spirit
When its life's for ever flown ;
Like the vase, that doth inherit
Odor of the flower that's gone ;
They the rose, the noble giver,
We the vase do but receive ;
Yet the vase is blest for ever
That the rose did odor leave.

Like a parent's parting blessing,
Like the dew unto the earth,
Like, but O ! beyond expressing,
All their life and death is worth,

Who th' exalted course of duty
Dauntless, undismayed, pursued ;
Demonstrated *truth is beauty*,
Fully proved that *great is good* !

FORGET NOT THY GOD.

PSALM l. 22.

In the journey of life, O, whate'er be thy lot,
How strait be the path, or how rugged the road,
Where'er be thy home, be it palace or cot,
O, whatever betide thee, forget not thy God !

In weal or in woe, let him still be thine all ;
Alike bless his smile or his chastening rod :
Should joy light upon thee, or sorrow befall,
In each time and each season, forget not thy God !

Under each, under all, still confess him thy friend,
For such he will prove, e'en in this low abode ;
And when to a higher thy spirit shall wend,
He'll receive thee and bless thee. Forget not thy
God !

FILIAL PIETY.

PSALM cxviii. 27.

THERE is one watching by that dying-bed,
One never tiring,
Smoothing the pillow for the aching head
Of him expiring.
A cloud is on her brow; no earthly woe
Caused it to gather :
“Thy precious soul, doth it in darkness go?
Doth it, my father?”
Thus whispered she again, yet and again,
Unto the dying ;
Thus unto God, in plaintive, pleading strain :
O, undenying
Unto the humblest prayer of Christian faith,
Then mine be hearing !
Defer with him the article of death
Till, light appearing,
His spirit not in darkness shall go out !
Almighty, grant it !
Thy light once shone around him and about ;
Now shall we want it ?

Now in the valley, dark, and drear, and cheerless,
Give him thy presence, that shall make him fearless.

What gasps that sick one to that anxious daughter?

“No light appeareth!”

What deepest agony these words have brought her!

The worst she feareth.

“Thy speech hath failed thee, father, and thy hearing

Is also going;

Yet by some blessed sign my heart be cheering,

If faith’s bestowing

Upon thy soul its flood of light and glory.”

His hand now moveth:

It pointeth upward—ha! it tells the story

To her that loveth.

Although that speech be palsied, hearing gone,

That sign revealeth

What that poor mourning one would sell to none:

Her grief it healeth.

No cloud was on his spirit when it sped.

Heaven keep that daughter!

The faith and love that blessed that dying-bed,

Even Heaven taught her.

Blessed be her dying-bed, be smoothed her pillow,

As his by her when tost on Doubt’s dark billow.

GOD LOVETH A CHEERFUL GIVER.

2 COR. ix. 7.

YES, we will give—for we have got
Our all of good from Thee;
Redemption for us dearly bought,
Salvation full and free.

Yes, we will give—Thou didst not spare
Thine own beloved Son,
But promised, with that blessing rare,
To give us every one.

Yes, we will give—but stewards we
Of thine abundant grace,
And freely we return to Thee;
Thine own we but replace.

Yes, we will give—O, what are we,
And all we have beside?
Too poor a sacrifice to Thee,
Who for the sinner died.

O, what are riches? Thou didst give
The riches of Thy grace :
O, what are honors? Thou didst live
Reviled unto thy face.

O, what is power? Christ left a crown,
A servant's form to take :
O, what is pleasure? God came down
To suffer for our sake.

O, what is all? O, what is life?
He groaned, and bled, and died !
Cease, earthly passions, cease the strife ;
Behold the Crucified !

Behold the Lamb of God, my soul !
Behold the ransom paid !
He kept not back, but gave the whole ;
A full atonement made.

Then give to Him who gave to thee
Thine all in earth or heaven :
Give, give as free, as bounteously
As to thee hath been given.

THE GRAVE.

HOSEA xiii. 14.

THE grave! the grave! 'tis a quiet spot :
Were you ever there at the calm twilight?
Were you ever there by yourself, I wot,
When all betokened the gathering night,
And the flowers were closed, and the birds were flown,
And you felt indeed you were all alone—
Were you ever there at that stilly hour?
Then your spirit has proven its mystic power.

Was there not a shadowing forth around
Of changing figures and passing forms?
Did not the very air and the ground
Seem full of the silence betokening storms?
'Tis a fearful place—Can my spirit stay
Unmoved, untouched, 'mid the mouldering clay?
May it not to light and to life be led
By its sombre watch by the sleeping dead?

Near yon lowly tomb is a column high—

O, from the grave may we raise our eyes,
The pillared pomp of th' earth to espy—

Above the tomb there is but the skies.
There let me gaze, and for ever away
From the graves of earth and their soulless clay
My vision shall speed, where the Lord shall save
The souls of the righteous, beyond the grave.

H E A V E N ' S R E S T .

There remaineth therefore a rest.—HEB. iv. 9.

O, WHEN the soul is sick of earth,
With all its vanity and glare,
When, fevered with its maddening mirth,
It fain would flee for ever where
No lurid light, no garish glow,
A false, illusive scene may show,
As calm as infant slumber then
The wearied spirit shall remain,
For ever tranquil, pure, and even—
There's rest unto the soul in heaven.

O, when the heart is stricken sore
With every barbèd dart of woe,
And bleeding e'en at every pore
In agony of mortal throe ;
O, when disease and death are near,
And poverty and want appear ;
When all the direst ills of life
To crush the broken heart are rife ;
When from it human hope is riven,
There's rest unto the soul in heaven !

HEAVEN! SWEET HEAVEN!

REV. xxi. 4.

THE words of the saint, as she wended on high,
Were, "Heaven ! sweet heaven !" Though dimmed
was her eye
And faltering her tongue, yet her Christian faith
Unclouded, unshaken remained until death.
She seemed as partaking in anticipation
Of the joys in reserve for the heirs of salvation !
As yet, on the earth, to her spirit was given
A sweet antepast of the glory of heaven.

Her last words, "Sweet heaven!" yet dying away
When that spirit took wing to those regions of day.

She had lived with the glory of heaven in view;
'Twas meet to the saint that she died with it too:
The prospect illumined her lifetime of faith;
'Twas meet that it lightened the valley of death.
'Twas meet that the hope of her earthly sojourning
Was found to the last ever bright, ever burning;
That the light which had led her so long should be
given

Even clearer, as nearer she verged unto heaven;
Till it even might seem that a glimpse of the place
Had been caught by that soul from those beamings
of grace.

'Twas "Heaven! sweet heaven!" her joy and her
song,

Her spirit awaiting, exclaiming, "How long?"
Till that rest in reserve, that inheritance bright,
Lord! how long to remain in this prison of night?
Her glorious release, in the end, never doubting;
Now, "Glory to God and the Lamb!" she is shouting.
She sees her way clearly—the end is "sweet heaven,"
The portals fly open—the welcome is given—
She's entered now into the joy of her Lord—
On earth, as in heaven, his name be adored!

TO THE HEAVENLY-MINDED

REV. xxii. 4.

O, BEAUTIFUL thy thoughts, and high,
E'en as that sweet, sweet home,
That clime of beauty in the sky,
Where dark clouds never come ;
Where thou, with thy pure thoughts, shalt go,
And in that land of light,
Where living waters gently flow,
Bask in its beamings bright.

And on thy spirit is the dawn
Of that bright world e'en now :
I see its shadowings forth upon
Thy calm and open brow.
O, when thou'rt radiant in all
The light of perfect day,
Then from thy starry crown let fall
On me one blessed ray !

HEAVENLY PLACES IN CHRIST JESUS.

EPHESIANS ii. 6.

REMEMBER all the pleasant times
That we have spent with one another
In Carolina's sunny climes,
Where first we met, my friend and brother.
Ah, we were young and thoughtless then,
And little dreamed of care and sorrow;
How bright the world unto us when
We blessed its every coming morrow!

But shadows fell across our path,
On mine, at least, full dark and lowering;
There seemed on all a frown of wrath,
My heart and spirit overpowering.
On all, on all a glance of ire
Seemed ever stamped and ever gleaming;
Unto my soul 't was like a fire
Of burning lava ever streaming.

I turned me from the fearful earth
That erst had been my world of beauty ;
I grieved it was my place of birth,
I mourned it was my sphere of duty :
'T was then I turned mine eyes above ;
They met a sight of matchless glory—
My Saviour in redeeming love,
Bright seraphs chanting forth the story.

Thy gaze was also then upturned ;
I know not, if from earth recoiling,
Yet well I know thy spirit mourned
The sin that was the world defiling.
Since then, we've met in many a scene
Of holy, high, and pure devotion,
No wave of worldly woe, I ween,
To vex us with its wild commotion.

We've joined the soothing hymn of praise,
And swelled the loud exulting chorus ;
We've been where streams of heavenly grace
Did seem the heavens to open o'er us ;
We've been where earth was hallowed ground,
Our Saviour there his power revealing ;
Where streams of mercy all around
Were flowing for the nations' healing.

We've been where shoutings rent the skies,
Where every tongue was praise expressing,
Where prayer in mighty power did rise
To bring on all the heavenly blessing;
We've been—but can we e'er forget
The times and places like to heaven,
Where we in praise and prayer have met?—
Can we forget and be forgiven?

“MEET ME IN HEAVEN.”*

2 SAM. xii. 23.

MEET thee in heaven? Yes, in the strength of grace,
Departed one, we'll strive to meet thee there.
We'll strive to meet thee in that blessed place,
That land of light, with not a cloud of care.
O for the faith that winged thee on thy way
Unto the climes of everlasting day!

Meet thee in heaven—we'll heed thy last request.
Can we forget the tone, the look that gave
Such emphasis as words had ne'er expressed?
O, by the help of Him who died to save,

* Dying-request of J. J. HALL, of Wofford College.

Him who was light, salvation, unto thee,
His face and thine in heaven we hope to see.

Meet thee in heaven—who would not meet thee there?

Lovely on earth—here, beautiful and good;
But, O, in heaven we fain would see thee, where
Perfection's seen and undimmed glory viewed;
Where, with the glory crowned, there we shall view
Thee, glorified in heaven, earth's good and true.

Meet thee in heaven—O, by that pleading eye,

Upraised in our behalf unto thy Lord,
By all thine intercessions sent on high,
By every solemn look and earnest word,
By all the pathos of the last request,
We'll meet thee there, beatified and blest!

We'll meet thee where thy Saviour thou hast met,

Where thou hast joined the blessed angel-band:
Yes, where thou art, we'll strive at last to get,
And take our place by thee, at God's right hand,
There bask for ever in the beamings bright
Of God and glory in that land of light.

HOME IN HEAVEN.

2 COR. v. 1.

A HOME above, of joy and love
My God to me has given ;
My home below is sweet, I know,
But not so sweet as heaven.

CHORUS.—Home, sweet home, my long-sought home,
My much-loved home in heaven.

A home on high, above the sky,
My gracious God has given ;
My home on earth to me is worth
Much, but it is not heaven.

CHORUS.—Home, etc.

A home afar, beyond each star,
My glorious God has given ;
My home that's here to me is dear,
But not so dear as heaven.

CHORUS.—Home, etc.

A home at last, when life is past,
The Lord of life has given;
When earth is gone, and time is done,
My home shall be in heaven.

CHORUS.—Home, etc.

Earth's loved ones, come unto that home,
The invitation's given;
That home of God make your abode,
And dwell with Christ in heaven.

CHORUS.—Home, sweet home, my long-sought home,
My much-loved home in heaven.

H E A V E N .

REV. xxi. 4.

THERE is a land where not a thorn
Is on the rose; where not a flower
Doth ever droop, or seem to mourn
The briefness of its summer hour.

There is a land where not a cloud
Bedims the brightness of the sky;
O, not a shadow e'er doth shroud
The radiance of that world on high.

'Tis brightness all, and blessed peace :
O, never doth a cloud of care
Oppress the soul. There sighings cease,
And sorrows end for ever there.

There tears shall all be wiped away,
All healed the heart once rudely riven,
And joy and peace for ever may
Be yet our blessed lot in heaven.

.
There is a land divinely fair ;
O, shall I dwell for ever there ?
It is a land of softest light,
There's not a cloud in all the sky,
And banished are the shades of night :
O, when I lay me down to die,
I will not fear, but wing my flight
Unto that lovely land of light.

And shall I gain an entrance there ?
A passport all divine I'll bear :
'Twas written with my Saviour's blood—
The Lamb of God that died for me :
O, there it will be understood ;
The heavenly gate will opened be,
And I shall see and I shall know
What Paradise alone can show.

How fair, how ravishing, how new
'T will burst upon my raptured view !
O, let me now the land descry,
 E'en now a glance of glory take ;
Yea, but a glance—on human eye
 Its flood of light may never break :
Too bright the radiance 't would give ;
No mortal e'er could look and live.

O, glorious heaven ! and shall I be
Thy dweller in eternity ?
O, shall I be for ever where
 My Saviour dwells in light and love,
Where saints and holy angels are—
 O, shall I see that world above ?
Then, Lord, prepare me for the place
With all thy all-sufficient grace !

H E A V E N .*

REV. xxi. 4.

O, I would read of heaven,
That land so bright and fair,
Where ties no more are riven,
Where comes no grief or care,
Nor tempest-tost, nor driven,
The soul that anchors there.

O, I would read of heaven,
That land so fair and bright,
Where God's effulgence even
Dispels the shades of night,
Nor sun nor moon is given,
For "the Lamb" is the light.

* On reading the work, "Heaven; or, the Sainted Dead,"
by Harbaugh.

O, I would read of heaven,
That land of light and love:
My soul is cheered when given
News of its home above:
My willing feet would even
Now on the journey move

To that "sweet home" in heaven,
That land of love and light,
Where ties no more are riven,
Where over is the night,
Where to the soul is given
No longer faith, but *sight*.

J A C O B ' S W E L L .

JOHN iv. 6.

IN eastern climes of sunny sky,
When parched and arid is the land,
The wearied traveller longs to spy
Some well of water near at hand:
O, fain he would recline him there,
And, for a time bereft of care,

Bethink him not of coming toil
Beneath its grateful shade the while,
But deem himself supremely blest
For such an oäsis of rest.

And such a well a traveller found
When, sad and weary and alone,
He journeyed o'er Samaria's ground,
And resting-place had found him none,
Till Jacob's well appeared in view ;
And near it thankfully he drew,
And sat him thus in meekness there,
Nor, till permitted, drank from where
Was all His own, by but a word ;
For He was even Christ the Lord.

Not long He waited, when there came
A woman of Samaria near :
He asked to drink. The Stranger's name
Had never met her curious ear,
Although full well the woman knew
Who asked to drink was but a Jew ;
And wrath was in her heart, that he
Should ask of her, so seeming free—
Of her who was Samaria's daughter,
From Jacob's well a draught of water.

“With us thou hast no dealings, Jew,
For I am of Samaria’s land.
Why ask me drink to give to you?
I may not serve at thy command.”
He answered not in angry mood
Unto her language harsh and rude,
But said, “O woman, didst thou know
The gift of God to thee below,
Then hadst thou asked that gift divine,
And living waters had been thine.”

Said she, “This was our father’s well,
Our father Jacob’s: art thou more
Than he and his? dost thou excel
The Patriarch and his sons of yore,
Who drank, and yet did thirst again?
And now the well is deep; and then,
Thou’st naught to draw the water up,
No, not the smallest drinking-cup;
Whence then thy living water’s rill?
Our fathers drank and thirsted still.”

Then Jesus said, “Who drinketh here
Shall thirst again; but that I’ll give
Shall quench his raging thirst for e’er:
Who drinks thereof shall ever live!

The water which I'll give shall be
A well of immortality,
Which, springing up in him, shall prove
A fountain of o'erflowing love,
And to the thirsty soul be rife
With everlasting joy and life."

The woman said, "O, give me then
This water, that I thirst no more,
And that I may not come again
To draw, as I was wont before."
Lord! we are thirsty, weary too;
Our souls desire thy gift to sue:
Thou'lt not refuse; O, bid us then
To drink, and never thirst again.

H O M E .

PSALM xxiii.

HOME mayn't be where one's native air
Fans lovingly the brow:
Sweet home, alas, is seldom where
We paid our early vow,

And offered up our infant prayer,
And tuned our infant praise :
Home's often many a league from there,
That scene of early days.

Home mayn't be where our youth was passed,
Our youth's sweet sunny time ;
Home mayn't be where our lot was cast,
When life was in its prime,
But far removed from former ties,
From all that was so dear
And bright, what time from undimmed eyes
The smile did chase the tear.

Ancestral halls make not our home,
Wealth, ease, and pleasure give
No claim whereby the right doth come
To us, for these to live :
Though these, and more, called to resign,
Though far off called to roam,
Yet never let the heart repine—
Where duty calls, is home.

There, there is home, our safest, best,
This side our home in heaven :
Where'er it be, if God's behest,
Our choice then be it even.

Where duty calls, there is my lot
By Providence assigned,
And there should be the greenest spot
To my instructed mind.

To my enlightened heart, the place
Where I should love to dwell,
Where I should learn as taught by grace,
That, for me, it is well.
The God that is too wise to err
My sojourn doth assign
Just where, by faith I must infer,
Is best for me and mine.

There to lie down in "pastures green,"
And by "still waters" rove,
If, with a heart calm and serene,
I trust Infinite Love,
Who "chooses all my changes" here,
And makes my path so plain,
That I shall never need to fear
To go, or to remain.

God's love makes every place a home,
Ay, more, a paradise.
Grant me to see His kingdom come,
And the day-star arise

In every home, in every heart ;
For then it shall be given
Each home of earth to type, in part,
The glorious home of heaven.

I M M O R T A L I T Y .

2 TIM. i. 10.

DEATHLESS principle divine,
Spark ethereal, essence fine,
Art thou in this clog of clay,
Beaming with thy quenchless ray?
Art thou, with unsullied light,
Shining on, divinely bright,
More than life or light to me,
Blessed immortality !

Art thou in me ? Now reveal
All thy stirrings ; let me feel
All thy life and power within :
All thy mighty work begin,
All thy deepest influence give,
That I turn with thee and live
In one glorious destiny,
Mighty immortality.

O, within me still inspire
Higher hope and pure desire !
For the joys that come from thee
Let my every longing be !
Let me rouse myself to feel
All my spirits, woe or weal,
Joined in common fate with thee,
Endless immortality !

Let my mind be ever fraught
With the all-engrossing thought,
What I am—my destiny,
Mighty, gloriously high,
Or the lowest of the low—
Endless in its bliss or woe :
Realize the thought to me,
Lord ! my immortality !

“KEEP THY HEART WITH ALL
DILIGENCE.”

PROV. iv. 23.

HELP me to keep my heart aright,
O Lord ! enable me to see
Where it is faulty in thy sight,
Or wherein faithless unto thee.

Help me to know its every art :
O, lay it open to my view,
If from thy ways it would depart,
Or to thy statutes be untrue ;

If it would not be thine alone,
And have no other God than thee ;
All unreservedly thine own,
But thine, and thine alone would be.

Would it desire a higher good
Than the sweet visits of thy face ;
Or ever long for other food
Than the rich manna of thy grace ?

O, would it glory, save in thee,
Or triumph but in thee, the Lord;
Or ever from thy temple flee,
Nor love to hear thy written word?

Is *love* not in it—fervent love
To God, and to the saints below?
Does *faith* not lift it high above?
Does *hope* not cause it oft to glow?

If not, if not all this, O God!
Grant me to know, that I may fly
Again to the atoning blood,
Once more to cleanse and purify.

O LORD, HOW LONG?

REV. vi. 10.

LORD, where are thy once favored ones?
No biding-place have Judah's sons:
Far from the beauty of their eyes
The city of their sacrifice;
'Mid strangers who have done them wrong
They tarry long—O Lord, how long?

Their waiting eyes are toward thee ;
Fain would they thy salvation see :
Now let them see it and be glad.
Jehovah, Lord, their hearts are sad,
This still the burden of their song,
O, blessed Lord, how long? how long?

Remove the scales from off their eyes ;
O Sun of righteousness, arise
And fully bring unto their view
The risen Saviour, just and true.
When will they join the ransomed throng,
And own Messiah Lord?—how long?

When will they claim the Crucified?
When will they plead the Lamb that died,
Confess the virtue of his blood
To make their people's peace with God?
When will they in thy strength be strong,
Be mighty in thy might?—how long?

O, when, as in the ancient days,
Shall Zion's courts resound with praise?
When shall Jerusalem arise
In strength and beauty to the skies?
When in the temple shall the song
Of triumph sound?—O Lord, how long?

BEHOLD THE LAMB OF GOD!

JOHN i. 29.

[On hearing the Rev. Dr. Curtis preach on the above text
on Easter Sunday.]

I do behold thee, precious Lamb of God,
Thee in thy glory and thy beauty see;
Heaven comes to earth; earth is no dark abode
When "the Lamb is the light thereof" to me.

Thee, slain since ere this teeming earth began,
Thee, as a Lamb unto the slaughter led,
Thee, glorious mediator and days-man,
Thee, Lamb, I view, whose blood for me was shed.

Lamb without spot and blemish, crucified,
By thy spilt blood, blest Lamb, I overcome:
I plead the merits of the Lamb that died,
T' avert my else irrevocable doom.

To God and to the Lamb, then I will sing,
Learn here the song of Moses and the Lamb;
Begin e'en here my harp to learn to string
Unto the praises of the great "I AM."

Lamb, may I with thee, on the blessèd mount,
Stand with that name there written on my brow,
That name 'bove all, and there and then recount
God's mercies o'er, as my heart feels them now!

In the Lamb's book if but my name be found,
If there at last my humble name appear,
Blest shall I be, though Fame ne'er made it sound,
Though on Fame's scroll none ever read it here.

If in white robes, washed with thy cleansing blood,
I may, O Lamb, unto the throne draw near,
What though through tribulation's deep, dark flood
I come with fearing, trembling, weeping, here?

And if the Lamb who is within the throne
Shall feed me, lead me, wipe away my tears,
What though upon the earth I've often known
Hunger and thirst, and grief, and doubts and fears?

Salvation unto God and to the Lamb

I would ascribe, to whom be all the praise
That I, e'en I, am this day what I am,
A soul redeemed and sinner saved by grace!

That I at last shall drink of that pure stream
Proceeding, clear as crystal, from the throne
Of God and of the Lamb; that there shall beam
For me the rays of their blest light alone!

Where there's no need of temple, sun or moon,
For the Lord God and Lamb the temple are,
Whose glory maketh an eternal noon—
No need of sun or moon to lighten there.

Where the Lamb is the light; the saved of earth
Shall walk therein, and kings their honors bring
Thereto, and cast, as less than nothing worth,
Their glory, as a dim and worthless thing.

There, O my Lord, may such as I appear,
Washed in the atoning blood! I can, I may!
Saviour, I come! dispelled are doubt and fear
By thee, blest Lamb, my life, my light, my way!

THOUGHTS ADDRESSED TO W.

PSALM cx. 3.

WHY do I love thee? Thou art not
All, all of that I've dreamed and thought.
I'd thought of one whose mighty name,
Borne on the trump of worldly fame,
Had won its way till, high above
All others, shining from afar,
E'en worship mingled with my love
For that, my bright and risen star.

Why do I love thee? Thou art not
With all the charm of beauty fraught.
I'd thought of one whose perfect face
No sculptor's art might ever trace;
Whose faultless form and bearing high,
In symmetry beyond compare,
Would fix the gaze of every eye
With beauty so exceeding rare.

Why do I love thee? Thou wast not
Born in the palace, but the cot.

I'd thought of one whose gems and gold
Were gorgeous, glowing, and untold;
Whose riches would to me be power,
 And I would scatter far and wide
The wealth of such a golden shower,
 Far as my realm of power and pride.

Why do I love thee? Thou art not
Endowed with highest powers of thought.
I'd thought of one whose master-mind
Would lord it o'er all human kind;
Whose genius would spread its wing
 O'er every hill of science high,
Till earth should seem too low a thing
 To check its soaring to the sky.

Why do I love thee? Thou art not
The courted, flattered, and the sought.
I'd thought of one amid the throng
To whom its homage should belong;
To whom the world should bend the knee,
 And shower its honors at his feet,
And powers and princes all agree
 To make his triumph more complete.

Why do I love thee? That thou art
More than all else unto my heart.

The poor that daily bless thy name
Shall be to me thy trump of fame :
The beauty of thy holiness,
The riches of thy heavenly-mind,
Power, wealth, and fame—sure they are less—
Are naught to all in thee I find.

L O V E .

1 JOHN iv. 10.

I HAVE written the word—it is “love,” it is “love :”

O, give me true love, and the world is beneath me,
Nor the gifts of her kingdom my spirit may move,
If the boon of true love but kind Heaven bequeath
me.

The love that I covet, the love that I crave,
Comes not of the dust: 't is a pure emanation
From the light and the life incorporeal, that gave
Its impulse and glow to rejoicing creation.

No cloud is upon it, no tinsel, no glare ;
Pure, steady, and warm ; never false, never flitting ;
The life of bright joy, and the death of dull care,
The soul for its heaven it seems to be fitting.

And O, in this world if a beam be so bright,
If a ray so revive and ~~rejoice~~ the whole being,
How will the celestial effulgence of light
From the Source uncreated, burst on the rapt
vision !

O, how will it ravish, refine, and renew !
Love, love is the light and the glory of heaven :
He is love who is light ; and the love that is true
He will give, who himself for us freely hath given.

THE LOVE OF GOD.

EPHESIANS ii. 4.

THERE is a love so pure and high,
It would not shame an angel's breast ;
All other loves before it fly,
As shadows at the sun's behest ;
It soars above all other feeling,
Such sweetness and such power revealing.

O, 'tis not like to mortal love,
Oft cold and changing as the breeze ;
For time, yea, more than time, shall prove
Its warmth and truth ; and we may seize

Its kindling ray, and catch its gleaming,
And bask our spirits in its beaming.

It is not like to aught of earth :
It cannot fade, 'twill never die ;
Celestial in its glorious birth,
A floweret of eternity,
Immortal in its bloom, enduring,
Enchanting ever, still alluring.

And this, this love may be mine own,
And all its rapture fill my soul,
When human love is past and gone,
And swept away have been the whole,
The cherished hopes of earth's abode—
This shall endure, the love of God.

THE PRIDE OF LIFE.

1 JOHN ii. 16.

THOU'RT in the pride of life : thy bright eye flashes
With thoughts of glory and with hopes of fame ;
Thou dream'st of battle, where the keen sword
clashes
And deals its deaths, to gain for thee a name.

Thou'rt in the pride of life: thy bosom heaveth
With image of soft love, and brightest joy,
And gayest pleasure: these thy heart believeth
Shall yield it bliss without the least alloy.

Thou'rt in the pride of life: thy heart is panting
For honor, rank, præminence, and power;
Ambition reigns within thy heart, supplanting
The lighter fancies of thy youthful hour.

Thou'rt in the wane of life: thy brow is clouded;
Care sits upon thy cheek; and now I scan
Through that forced smile, its art hath never shrouded
Thyself from me, a disappointed man.

Thou'st had thy wishes—glory, pleasure, power;
What have they gained thee? Naught! And
where are they?
Departed, or departing with the hour
That takes their life, a mortal's breath, away.

But have they gained thee nothing? no small peace?
Dispelled no gloom, relieved no sorrow's load?
No! no! they're vain, they're false: let mortal cease
To hope for happiness but in his God.

GOODLY PEARLS.

MATTHEW xiii. 45.

Inscribed to the author of "The String of Pearls," by her
friend Meeta.

THOU hast not gone down to the deep dark sea
To gather the *pearls* of the earth for me
From "Oman's green water," where pure in their
shell

The purest and rarest of pearls do dwell;
Not from the *pearl*-banks of the Japanese sea,
Where the costliest of those of the Orient be;
Not from the rich shores of sweet Ceylon's isle
Hast thou catered *pearl*-wealth with care and toil;
From Sumatra or Java's inlaid coast
Brought *pearls* that the queen of the earth might
boast;

But thou hast done more and better, by far,
Than hadst thou had power, and drawn down a star
From the sky above, or from earth's deep sea
Brought up all of its pearls for mine and me;
Ay, placed before me, in one vast heap,
The gorgeous wealth of the land and deep.

For thou with faith, and with patience, and love,
Endued with the strength that is from above,
With the faith that can nerve the feeblest arm,
And the patience and love that can *all* perform,
Most faithfully, patiently, lovingly,
Hast thou dived down into Truth's deep sea,
And brought up its riches for me and mine—
Not earthly, not worldly, but all divine;
Nor all the poor *pearls* of earth can compare
With the goodly *pearls* thou hast gathered there.

Who with joy "*the pearl of great price*" have
found,

O, shall not our joy but the more abound,
That God's *pearls* of truth have been strung with
care

On our hearts, round our necks, for us to wear,
To be *seen of Him* who our coming waits,
As we enter with joy heaven's *pearly* gates!

Foreign Missions.

STANZAS TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE
MRS. BOONE, OF THE CHINA MISSION.

MARK xvi. 15.

O, I REMEMBER her, the bright and gay,
Sparkling and glittering amid the throng
Of wealth and fashion; hers the graceful form
That through the dance the lightest led the way;
And the young mind, though vigorous and strong,
Was borne upon the current, light and warm,
From the strongholds of faith, her birthright's claim
By Huguenotic blood and Martyr's name.

Yet oft she turned aside in that career,
As if distrustful of its primrose way—
A passing shade, a sigh, a tear almost,
Betokened more than met the eye or ear—
Pleasure had palled, the idols turned to clay.
Lured for a while, that spirit was not lost—
O no! O no!—found, sanctified, and saved:
Earth and its joys no more that spirit craved.

Heaven now its home, its only heritage;
O, might on earth that blessed kingdom come!
Might she but aid! Lord, what for her to do?
This all her wish, even that she might engage
In that one service, or abroad, at home,
She asked not where; where'er He bade her go;
To distant lands, across the swelling sea—
Her answer still: "Lord, here am I, send me."

And He who knew that strength of faith and love,
Commission gave; and one loved only less
Than Heaven, like-minded with herself, (her stay
And prop throughout the pilgrimage to prove,)
Commissioned likewise for the work, did bless
The Lord for this companion on the way
Of his far field of labor, lone and drear,
But for that help-meet given his path to cheer.

She had a heart for tenderness: the ties
That must be severed, how they seemed to cling
With faster hold around that bleeding heart!
The worldling deemed her callous or unwise,
Thenceforth, her heart those bonds of love to wring:
They did not understand her lot and part
Were sacrifice and suffering, *as a choice*;
That only *in the cross* she would rejoice.

The *cross*—or else had heart and spirit failed
At the last parting from that aged sire,
Widowed and lone—the *cross*, only the *cross*
That had sustained, what time her forehead paled,
And her young blood grew chill. Had not the fire
Of her forefathers, counting all things loss
So heaven is gained, burned brightly in her heart,
She had not been so strengthened to her part.

In heathen land, her work is waiting there;
And with her wonted energy of mind,
Herself all fully to the task she gave,
As if privation, toil, and suffering were
Accustomed things, familiar and kind.
But what of all, if souls she might but save,
And heaven but gain? what need she have a care
For heathen wrath or for Batavian air?

But 't was not long—her recompense was near;
Her task completed, and her work well done:
Up higher called; and yet, one earthly thought,
Her husband and her little ones—a tear
For them on heathen land, left all alone——
Alone? ah, no! He that thus far hath brought
Shall guide them still. O, blessed Christian faith!
Their God as hers, through life and unto death!

Farewell, devoted one! Far, far away,
 Thou'rt sweetly sleeping in the quiet grave.
 The tear unbidden starts, yet why for thee?
 Rather for us, who yet on earth do stay,
 Breasting the storm and buffeting the wave
 So feebly, poorly, so despondingly.
 O, would, like thee, we too had "overcome,"
 And, like thy pilgrim self, had reached our home!

ON SEEING A CONVERTED CHINESE.

STRANGER from the land "celestial,"
 Traveller from *Antipodes*,
 Welcome to our world terrestrial!
 Thee the Christian gladly sees,
 And with gratitude and wonder,
 Grace unmerited and free
 He is led with joy to ponder
 And to praise, for saving thee.

Praise the Lord for such a token
 From the far-off flowery land,
 That the ground is more than broken
 That the harvest is at hand.

Laborers enter; white the field is;
For your toil there's rich reward;
For the outlay, large the yield is,
Sure your profits: trust the Lord.

No mistake about the wages;
Down the terms in black and white,
Entered on God's day-book's pages,
Ready to be paid at sight:
"In this world"—come, mark the offer—
"Thou shalt have a hundred-fold;"
In the next—come, hark the proffer—
"Life eternal"—no, not *gold*—

Gold that perisheth in using,
Fame upon a mortal's breath;
Health and friends, at last that losing,
Makes us gladly welcome death.
No; but heaven here and yonder,
Glory now and then, to choose,
Sure 't would be a passing wonder
Any could such terms refuse.

Some did not: in life's meridian,
Some this service entered on:
They have had their pay quotidian,
Ne'er without their wages gone.

That they have obtained possession
Of the promised "hundred-fold,"
This, though naught else gave expression,
This trophy of the cross had told.

TO THE MEMORY OF THE REV. HENRY
MARTYN, OF THE PERSIAN MISSION.

ISAIAH lxii. 1, 2.

THEY have made thee a grave in a far-distant land,
And the stranger's rude footstep is over the sod;
No sad eye to water it, no kindly hand
To strew a sweet flower on thy dreary abode.

Yet we'll mourn not thy grave all unhonored, un-
wept,
Nor sigh that thou'rt sleeping so lonely afar;
'Tis but the poor dust that the low grave has kept;
Thy spirit has soared 'bove the loftiest star.

To the highest of heavens it winged its glad way;
It has reached now its glory, its home, and its God:
How could we have wished any longer to stay
A spirit so pure in this earthly abode?

This was not its biding-place: earth was no home
For a soul so above it, so dead to its joy;
Its lures could not draw, nor its snares overcome
A heart so devoted, so lifted on high.

O no! we'll not mourn that thy toils are all o'er,
Thy warfare accomplished, thy victory won,
Thy goal safely reached, and thy portion made sure,
Thy heaven obtained, and thy glory begun.

ON THE DEATH OF MELVILLE B. COX,
OF THE AFRICAN MISSION.

ISAIAH lxii. 1, 2.

A WAIL o'er the waters is heard from afar:
It comes from the land where the desolate are:
Sad Africa mourns her devoted, her dead,
Who appeared as an angel of light to her aid.

Ah! well may she mourn; there remain but a few
So firm and so faithful, so fervent and true;
Ah! few who so deeply, so nobly will feel
To do and to dare for her safety and weal.

He lived for her cause; yea, he counted but loss
All else but her glory in Christ and his cross;
He held nothing dear; friends and country he gave
For a life of reproach and a far-distant grave.

Yes, Afric, his spirit has sped from below!
Thy breezes are sighing the news as they go;
Thy rivers are weeping, thy deserts are sad—
He is gone who had caused thee in Christ to be glad.

He is gone, who'd forsaken his all to proclaim
Glad tidings, to rouse thee from sorrow and shame:
As a sun, to the regions of darkness he gave
A light to thy land that was mighty to save.

As wellspring of water unto the dry land,
As oäsis of verdure to desert of sand,
As rain to the herbage, as dew to the earth,
As all unto thee in thy spiritual dearth,

Were his life and his labors who crossed the deep sea
To carry the news of salvation to thee;
Who ceased not proclaiming the message, till death
Closed the glorious career of his patience and faith.

Domestic Missions.

THE MACEDONIAN CRY.

ACTS xvi. 9.

A VOICE comes from the far South-west, an earnest,
pleading voice,

From one whose distant home, out there, e'en duty
has made choice :

The humane owner of the slave must seek the kindest
soil

T' increase the bondman's comforts, and to mitigate
his toil.

The harvest of the rich South-west is generous and
free ;

There Ceres yields her golden stores, in wild luxu-
riancy.

But, while the body's comforts all are bounteously
supplied,

The soul, the immortal soul, too oft is stinted or
denied :

The body pampered with the food that perisheth in
use,

The soul, that famisheth for lack, put off with an
excuse ;

But she was there, upon whose heart lay these im-
mortal souls,

Who thus upon the Church of God the burden of
them rolls :

“O, send us out a missionary ! souls do perish here !
Delay not, Christians, for these souls to Christ are
very dear :

But little do they know of him, their slain, their
risen Lord,

But little of the sacred truths of his revealèd word ;

His sacraments and ordinances all neglected lie :

The lost sheep of this wilderness, if sought not, soon
must die.

“O, send us out a missionary, holding life not dear,
So he may win the precious souls all perishing out
here.

Means, money will be wanted, and the utmost needed
sum

To speed the gospel messenger shall speedily forth-
come.

All trouble, all expense, all loss, I pledge myself to
bear,
So that these may in the gospel light and privileges
share."

The cry was heard. What could withstand that
Macedonian cry?
The Church, O, not the Christian Church could such
as that deny!
"Lo! here am I! send me!" said one, and in the
strength of grace,
He's gone to do a work for Christ in that neglected
place.
He's gone to sow the precious seed: God give him
large increase;
The way prepare before him, as the messenger of
peace.

And soon the cloud increaseth—first as small as
human hand—
And showers of grace do irrigate, ere long, the thirsty
land.
A door of access openeth, the field extendeth wide,
And sable thousands soon shall learn of Christ the
crucified;

The news of sweet salvation be proclaimed both far
and near,
Till each South-west plantation shall the joyful tid-
ings hear.

Her faith and charity that brought this cause before
the Lord,

And mercy moved in this behalf—His mercy be
adored !

And followed be her faith and love that urged her
purpose high,

That nerved her heart unto the task, and energized
her cry—

That Macedonian cry that came like mandate from
above,

To move the Christian Church unto this glorious
work of love.

TO THE REV. A. WYNN, OF THE CALIFORNIA MISSION.

CARRY them the glorious gospel,
News of sweet salvation bear :
Go, the Church's young apostle,
Borne upon the Church's prayer ;
Break to them the bread of heaven,
Living waters point them to ;
To thyself for this be given
That God only can bestow—
Grace that shall sustain and strengthen,
Grace to comfort and to bless ;
Health to keep and life to lengthen—
Labor give enlarged success.
What are home, and friends, and kindred ?
Dear—but dearer far that cause :
Thee ne'er have they from it hindered,
Made to falter or to pause.
Falter, pause, where duty urges !
Souls devoted answer " No :"
Where the earth's most distant verge is,
The missionary fire bids " Go !"

To the land where gleams the glacier,
Or the torrid sun doth glow,
Where doth shine the golden placer,
Or the pearls of Osman grow ;
Go with fervent, pure devotion,
To the islands of the sea ;
Not the stormy waves of ocean,
Death nor danger, frighten thee :
Life, until your work is finished,
Is immortal—is His care ;
Lamp of life by Him replenished
Whom you serve and whose you are.
“Lo, I’m with you !” What is wanting?
All the promise is comprising
Go, then, for thy heart is panting
For its glorious realizing.

ATTRACTION OF THE CROSS.

“And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men after me.”—

JOHN xii. 32.

“The year 1740 was rendered remarkable by the change which the missionaries adopted in their mode of instructing the heathen, and by the peculiar blessing with which the change was attended. They had previously been in the habit of directing the attention of the Greenlanders to the existence and attributes of God, the fall of man, and the demands of the Divine law; hoping thus by degrees to prepare the minds of their hearers for the more mysterious and sublime truths of the gospel. As this plan had, however, been tried for five years with no success, they now resolved simply, and in the first instance, to preach Christ crucified; and not only were their own souls set at peculiar liberty in speaking, but the power of the Holy Ghost evidently accompanied the word spoken to the hearts and consciences of the heathen.”—*History of Missions*.

THEY told them how the world was made;
They gave the story of “the fall,”
And how the flood at length was stayed
That had submerged the mountains tall;
Of Noah’s ark, and Babel’s tower,
That work of vanity’s brief hour;

Of Sodom's and Gomorrah's fate
 They told them ; next, they did relate
 Egyptian bondage, Canaan's rest—
 They listened, but with little zest.
 Then Nature's, mankind's God was shown,

His attributes, his perfect law :
 No light upon their minds was thrown,

No excellence in all they saw.
 Their minds remained benighted still,
 Each carnal mind, each stubborn will
 Still unrestrained, still unsubdued
 By any influence of good ;

Till, pointed to the Lamb of God,
 The atoning Lamb for sinners slain,
 This by their *hearts* was understood,

This to their very souls was plain :
 Plain this, the truth, the life, the way,
 Upon their souls now dawns the day ;
 The Sun of righteousness doth rise
 To their amazed, enlightened eyes ;
 He comes, with healing in his wings ;
 Salvation to them Jesus brings ;
 The power of Christ is in his word,
 Their hearts adore their risen Lord !

Preach Christ, whatever else ye preach ;
 In all your teachings, Jesus teach :

He'll access give unto his word,
Will be in it himself, the Lord;
Will give it energy and power,
Attend it with enlarged success,
And with a pentecostal shower
His glorious gospel own and bless.

THE PLANTATION MISSIONARY.

ACTS xvi. 9.

'Tis Sabbath morning's dawn : away he wends
From home's sweet influences, from his books,
From quiet study, from profound research,
Yet sweet, withal, into the deepest mines
Of gospel truth—
From much that makes the Sabbath morning dear,
And gives it a serene, home-felt delight;
Wife, children, servants, all attired in best
And cleanest, duly honoring thus that day
Given for our rest and reverence, God's own day
Of rest, which he hath hallowed. Meet it is
Serenity and stillness should pervade

O'er all the land, but felt, most felt at home:
 From much that makes the Sabbath morning dear;
 Church-going bell and congregation large,
 Refined, intelligent, mind answering mind
 With telegraphic swiftness, now revealed
 By look significant from lighted eye,
 As noble truths, in cultivated style,
 Are brought to bear with an impressive weight
 On the disciplined mind and pious heart.
 The speaker's intellect strengthened, as by
 The exercise of rising to, or over,
 The level of the intellect before it,
 And piety enlarged, improved, as by
 Administ'ring unto the piety
 Pervading there. From this, all this, he goes,
 The minister of God, upon whose words,
 Instructed and delighted, oft had hung
 The city's congregation.

To yon negro-huts,
 O'er burning rice-fields, through malaria-swamp,
 With unreluctant step, he wends his way.
 "Who saves his life shall lose it." What to him
 Are searing sun and pestilential air,
 Where there are souls, immortal souls, to save?
 He stands, that messenger of life and peace,
 Beneath the gum-tree, or within the door

Of some rude cabin,* while around him there
Cluster those poor, unlettered, negro slaves,
His congregation. Say, doth he despise
Or set at naught his mission? No! O no!
Mark with what mighty energy of love
He tells the message of his Lord to them.
His soul goes out for them, and from his eyes
Tears of compassion flow. "Brethren beloved,"
He cries, "come to the Shepherd of your souls,
Whose arms outstretched are for ye all day long.
Dark it was in your land; here it is light.
God, who is light and love, dispenses free
The riches of His grace. Ho! every one,
Come to the living waters, drink and live.
O, blessed Saviour, are not these thine own,
Thy lost sheep of the wilderness? Come ye,
The purchased of His blood, His ransomed ones;
His yoke is easy and His burden light,

* It is proper to state that the planters are becoming more alive to the advantage of having a comfortable plantation-church. On some of the plantations, there have been recently erected churches, not only commodious, but tasteful in architecture. The beneficial associations connected with a church or building used *for no other purpose than religious worship*, cannot long be overlooked by any pious, not to say politic, planter.

His service perfect freedom.

Kind are your earthly masters; give to them
Due honor, not with eye-service: serve them
But heartily, as unto God: thus 't will
Ennoble servitude and sweeten toil,
This good-will service, as to Christ the Lord."

O, how they listened, not with critic ear
Or cavilling heart, but as if they heard,
Even with the soul, and apprehended,
As by some hidden sense unknown to us,
With truth and clearness, that revealèd word.

Poor, but yet rich in faith, full many were;
"In want, yet having all things."

When streaming eye, and loud amen, and shout
Of praise to God; and O, when, more than all,
The fruits of holy living did attest
The seed had taken root, that man of God
Felt willing all his life long thus to spend
And be spent in this service.

NOW AND THEN.

1 Cor. xiii. 12.

Now's but the vestibule unto the house
Of many mansions. *Now's* but the twilight
Of day eternal, in a land of light.
Now's but the embryo of our existence,
Our bud of being, chrysalis estate;
Our germ of life bound up in "mortal coil."
Now is but the feeblest emanation
From the centre; slightest scintillation,
As scattering off from the nucleus
A halo of the glory, the shadow,
Even the mere shadow of the substance.

Then, O, then, the seat at the right hand;
The day no sun that needeth, for the Lamb's
The light thereof; the morning with no night;
Impregnate with maturity and life—
Our powers, all full-blown and perennial,
Basking, not by reflection, in the Source
Of light ineffable and increate,

“Like Uriel in the Sun,” still grow and live
In the unbroken circle of God’s glory,
His light our life, shadows overpast,
The substance *then* is ours.

Now there are pain, and poverty, and woe;
Then ease and plenty, then sweet peace shall flow :
Now sin and sorrow and contention are ;
Then cease shall guilt, and grief, and sound of war :
Now trials and temptations sore abound ;
Then rest, unbroken rest, in God is found :
Now faith is often wavering and weak ;
Then not of faith, but sight, we’ll only speak.

Now hope is often dim and overcast ;
Then hope’s fruition—fear is overpast :
Now charity’s unsteady, selfish, cold ;
Then love’s asbestos, *then* ’tis tried gold :
Now death’s approach spreads terror and dismay ;
Then fear of death is taken quite away :
Now the grave’s open mouth aghast we see ;
Then o’er the grave we’ll have the victory.

Now time is ours, but *then*, eternity,
This mortal clothed with immortality,
Then glorified, O God, *then* one with Thee.

THE PRAYER OF FAITH.

MATTHEW ix. 29.

Paraphrase of Editorial of Southern Christian Advocate,
July 20, headed,

"CASTLE SELBY."

ASSEMBLED round their pastor's dying-bed—
Tears, watchings, supplications, all in vain—
Hope yielded up at length to sad despair :
Despair, but for his life—th' undying soul
Rises exultant o'er disease and death.
What words of faith, and hope, and rapture greet
The weeping, agonizèd group around !
That pale face radiant with light and love,
Those feeble hands now clasped in fervent prayer :
O, there are moments when 'twixt earth and heaven
There seems no distance—this was one of them.

A watchman long on Zion's walls was he :
One on the post of that exalted duty

That slumbered not, nor slept; awake, alive
To all the Church's interests; nor life itself
He counted dear, but perilled for her service.
O, had not the Church, in all her members,
Cause to mourn that this, her called, her chosen
And her faithful, so soon must be removed?

God heard his Church, when faith was brought to
bear

In all its saving, efficacious power.
Faith bids—at its behest the mountains melt,
And swift remove into th' engulfing sea.

In whom is lodged this wonder-working faith?
What mighty one, what potentate or prelate,
May for the Church obtain this blessed boon,
The prolongation of that valued life
So wedded to her service?

Who enters
The chamber where the minister of Christ
Resigneth his commission with his life?
Who enters? Patriarch, Brother, is it thou?
Swarthy thy cheek, but spotless is thy soul!
Well-trying and proven by the Church of God,
Before which, in and out, for even more
Than most men's lifetime, thou hast gone
In dignity, and meekness, and content.

Full well *he* knew thy worth, and recognized,
Though e'en through the death-haze, "Father
Castile."

Thy faith he knew, and he would prove it now.

"I'm near my end, good father," faintly spake
The dying minister; "but kneel thee down,
And, with thy face unto the wall,* now pray
For me." He prayed.

Meanwhile, the crisis passed
Of the disease that laid the patient low:
Mercy rebuked the fever, and it fled.
The prayer was ended.

"I am better now,"
The sick man firmly said, and in his voice
And in his eye there was assurance clear,
Even that it was so.

Philosophy
May prate of curious coincidence in this,
But Revelation teaches, "As your faith,
So shall it be to you."

The prayer of faith
Can save the sick, nay, make the sin-sick whole.
Sinner, go prove it. Faith can raise the dead,

* 2 Kings xx. 2.

Ay, even the dead in trespasses and sins,
And this the greater miracle by far.

How faith was honored—honored, as in thee,
Dark son of Africa! whose simple faith
Alone did prove of such effectual power,
As saved unto the Church her gifted one.

TREMBLING FAITH.

“Lord, I believe: help thou mine unbelief.”—MARK ix. 24.

WHAT time my trembling faith would seem to fail,
By sin assailed, or tried by pain or grief,
This humble prayer shall with my Lord avail,
“Lord, I believe: help thou mine unbelief!”

What time my fading hope seems almost gone,
Its buds and blossoms withered as a leaf,
This plaintive plea shall rise and reach the throne,
“Lord, I believe: help thou mine unbelief!”

What time my dying love seems lifeless, cold,
This intercession fervent, although brief,
For me shall go up, as for one of old,
“Lord, I believe: help thou mine unbelief!”

What time when gone seems all I had of good,
And I but feel myself of sinners chief,
This one petition urge, O Lord ! I would,
“Lord, I believe : help thou mine unbelief !”

I bless thee, Father, from my tempted soul,
To that soul's cry that thou wilt not be deaf;
But, at this prayer, wilt off its burden roll—
“Lord, I believe : help thou mine unbelief !”

I bless thee, Father, from my spirit tried,
That to that spirit thou wilt bring relief,
At this its prayer, through Christ the crucified,
“Lord, I believe : help thou mine unbelief !”

LET PATIENCE HAVE HER PERFECT
WORK.

JAMES i. 4.

“LET Patience have her perfect work,” from depths
of woe I cry:

Let me endure in quietness, and bless thee, though
I die.

O Lord, rebuke my wayward will and calm my
troubled mind:

Helpless and weak, O Lord, in Thee a helper may I
find!

Why am I fettered down to earth? Lord, set my
spirit free,

And let it soar aloft to hold communion high with
Thee.

Away, away from fleshly thrall, untrammelled, un-
confined,

For ever purified from sin, ethereal and refined.

For ever freed from worldly woe, from selfish sorrow
freed,
No more to lean on hollow earth, a fragile, broken
reed,
But on my Saviour's bosom, there to rest my troubled
soul,
My seared and lacerated heart, e'en every whit made
whole.

Then let me here a few more days, a few more trials
bear:
My Saviour, take me home at last—there's rest for
ever there.
Yet while I tarry here below, forbid the murmuring
sigh;
“Let patience have her perfect work,” O Lord, be
still my cry!

THE PAST AND FUTURE.

HEB. x. 32: REV. xxi. 4.

SCENES of the past! how oft ye rise
In wonted beauty to mine eyes!
Ye visit me in nightly dreams;
Almost, indeed, my spirit seems
To live ye o'er and o'er again;
But, when I waken, then, O, then—
And yet I dare not, may not say,
 To utter hopelessness I waken;
No, heaven holds out for me a ray
 That tells me I am not forsaken.

O no; when cheated Fancy flies
A world of vanity and lies,
When beatific visions pass,
To leave in deeper gloom, alas!
When all I've seen and felt and known
In blessèd moments past and gone,

Comes on, in glorious array,
In all its pristine beauty even,
And vanishes in mist away,
I turn my baffled sight to heaven.

There, there I turn me from the past,
With vision purified, upcast;
I quaff a Lethean draught to earth,
Forget a while its gloom or mirth,
Forget I ever hoped or mourned,
Forget my heart had ever turned
Entirely to its lower joys,
Entirely to its mundane pleasure,
Contented with its glittering toys,
Unmindful of a truer treasure.

O yes, at times, I can forget,
And then a blessed view is met—
A true and satisfying sight
Of an effulgent land of light,
Where not a mocking vision flies
Athwart my fond believing eyes;
Where all the glory of the place,
So glorious, 't is past expressing,
Shines with enduring truth and grace,
And beams with everlasting blessing.

SONGS OF THE PILGRIMAGE.

I.

PSALM xlii. 2.

WHY is my heart so cold to thee,
O Lamb of God, that diedst for me?
Why is my mind so prone to stray
From thee, my life, my light, my way?

Why does my spirit seek for peace
But in the blessing of thy grace?
Why do I long for higher joy
Than dwells in thee, O Lord most high?

Why shall I sigh, and pine, and grieve,
Though earthly friends begin to leave,
Though earthly dreamings flee away
Before the light of reason's ray?

Though hands are closed and hearts are cold,
Though sick and feeble, poor and old,
And friends familiar strange and shy,
Why should I fail if God be nigh?

No! let me raise my drooping head,
Though darkening shadows overspread:
Thou wilt be near, to comfort still,
My heart to cheer, my hand to fill;

My sinking soul to raise on high,
And fill it with thy perfect joy;
My mind to keep in perfect peace,
Until my spirit gains release.

II.

PSALM CXXX. 1.

I WOULD not dare approach thee, Lord,
But for the promise of thy word,
That open still is mercy's ear
Unto the humblest sinner's prayer.

I would not dare to pray or praise,
But for the riches of thy grace;
I would not dare lift up mine eyes,
But mercy dwelleth in the skies.

I would not dare to offer thee
My being's sin and misery,
But thou hast called the wretched home,
And bade the weary wanderer come.

I come, O gracious Lord ! I come,
To hear from thine own lips my doom ;
I claim no merit ; naught I elaim
But in my blessed Saviour's name.

His blood I plead, his wounds I show ;
I nothing have, I nothing know,
Nothing in all the world beside
But Jesus Christ the crucified.

III.

PSALM xlii. 8.

THY loving-kindness, Lord, to me,
Thy mercy and thy grace—
O, let my tongue unloosened be,
To tell aloud thy praise !

In shades of night my spirit lay
In darkness all profound,
When Thou didst shed a saving ray
Of glory all around.

When sorrows gathered o'er my soul,
And cares my heart distressed,
My Lord the broken heart made whole,
And gave the weary rest.

When from thy paths my feet would stray,
And, tempted, turn aside,
Thou ledd'st me gently by the way,
Unto thyself didst guide.

For ever there, O, let me be :
Thou art my life, my way,
The only guiding light to me
To realms of endless day.

IV.

“Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden,
and I will give you rest.”—MATT. xi. 28.

LORD, I am one, a weary one,
A heavy-laden one with woe :
My heart is stricken, Lord, and none
But thee its misery can know.

Too much of earthly grief is there :
How could I bear that mortal eye
Might look upon its deep despair,
Its utter hopelessness desery ?

And yet before thine eye of light
I lay it open, Lord : I dare
Expose it to thy perfect sight,
A lacerated heart of care.

Though pure thine eye and full of light,
Yet, ah, 'tis one of pity too;
It sees me in the shades of night;
My woes are open to its view:

My sore temptations and distress,
My tempest-tossed and troubled soul,
Lord, thou alone canst see and bless,
And sanctify to me the whole!

The whole of all my weight of care
Thou canst relieve, thou canst remove:
Lord, here's my heart; I lay it bare;
Look on it with thine eye of love.

V.

PSALM li. 1.

IN mercy still this troubled heart!
My God, my Father, calm its grief,
And let thy healing balm impart
A soothing and a quick relief!

In pity, Father, send one ray,
One heavenly ray to light its gloom !
O, change its darkness into day,
And free it from its living tomb !

Its living tomb of guilt and care,
O, blessed Lord, do thou remove !
Now raise it from its deep despair,
And mount it on thy wings of love,

And bear it quickly far away
Unto thy glorious upper skies,
Where all is bright and gladsome day,
Where clouds of sorrow never rise.



SONG TRIUMPHANT.

JOHN i. 4.

SING in sweet songs to the Lord for redeeming ;
He brought us from darkness to marvellous light :
See the bright halo of glory that's streaming
Around us where once was the darkness of night.

CHORUS.—The Light has arisen ! O, praise to the Lord,
The Sun of salvation is seen and adored.

Sing to the Lord ! to his name be the glory
We ever were called to rejoice in the day,
The day of glad things, when the wonderful story,
The sound of redemption, is winning its way.

CHORUS.—The Light, etc.

Sound the loud anthem, O swell the sweet chorus !
Send it abroad o'er the land and the wave !
Praise to Jehovah, whose shadow is o'er us !
Glory to God, who is mighty to save !
CHORUS.—The Light, etc.

SUPPLICATION OF THE SIGHTLESS.*

MARK X. 5.

“LORD, that I *also* might receive my sight !”
Not for the garniture of earth and sky,
Not for the rainbow's beauty to the eye,
Not for the glory of the jewelled night,
Nor noontide's pomp of purple and of gold,
Nor sunrise, sunset, nor the twilight gray,
Not for all these, to thee, for sight, I pray ;
These are but dim to that I would behold.

* Written at the request of a blind man.

The earth, with varied charm of hill and dale,
 In floral wealth of every kind and hue,
 The landscape ever charming, ever new,
 The snow-topped mountain and the grassy vale,
 The ocean tempest-tossed, the placid lake :
 Nature, thou'rt lovely ! but that I might see
 Thy loveliness, evokes no prayer from me ;
 A nobler view mine unsealed eyes would take.

Than all that nature, all that art can give ;
 Art, with her ornate hues and chiselled forms
 On canvas or on marble ; art that warms
 The soul of genius ; that to Time did give
 Raphael and Angelo, that doth delight
 The eye of taste, and to the instructed mind
 Doth minister enjoyment, pure, refined :
 Not for all this, O Lord, I pray for sight !

Nor yet for the sweet faces of dear friends,
 The beaming eye, the ever-varying light
 Of feeling ; (as the sunbeam to the sight ;)
 Not for all these my soul its longing sends
 Unto the Lord of life and light and love ;
 No, not for aught beneath God's holy heaven
 Hath e'er my heart one aspiration given,
 That He would from mine eyes the scales remove.

But that they might be opened to the sight
Of God in glory, of my Saviour there,
Shining in more than rainbow beauty rare ;
Shining away all darkness and all night—
Shining on me, till my benighted lot
Were but remembered, that my praises might,
When in the blessed clime where *night is not*,
Exceed all others, for the gift of sight.

TO MY SOUL.

GEN. xix. 17.

AWAY! away! my soul from earth,
'Tis not thy home or place of birth,
It cannot tell one half thy worth—
It cannot reach thy destiny :
It knows thee not, away! away!
Beyond the sun's diurnal ray ;
Soar to the climes of endless day,
To glory, to immensity!

Why clog thyself with cumbrous clay,
More than befits thine earthly stay?

Why halt or linger on the way
Of worldly unreality?
Why ever turn aside to view
The vanities that mortals strew
Upon the open path to you,
Of glorious immortality?

Nor turn, nor look, but hasten on;
Prepare! a race is to be run,
A battle's to be lost or won;
Bethink thee of futurity!
Bethink thee of the prize in view,
A crown's laid up in store for you,
A heaven your bright reward is due,
Of glory and of purity.

SCRIPTURES PARAPHRASED.

2 TIM. iii. 16.

UNTO the "fountain" of thy "blood,"
A creature soiled with sin,
Went—proved the purifying flood—
He washed, and he was *clean*.

To "Gilead's" ever-healing "balm,"
A sick and wounded soul
Applied, and soon exclaimed, "I am
E'en every whit made whole."

Unto "the well-spring" of thy grace
A thirsty soul drew nigh;
He drank, and, to thy name be praise,
He never more was dry.

A wearied trav'ler sore distressed
Had wandered many a day;
He found "the path of peace," 't was "rest,"
And Thee, "the truth, the way."

A soul in dark temptation's hour
Did powers of darkness brave,
To gain thy "cross." It had the power
To succor and to save.

A soul of every hope bereft,
At thy dear feet did fall,
And found, when he had nothing left,
That "Christ" was all in all.

STANZAS AFTER SICKNESS.

PSALM cxvi. 7.

I SAW Thee still,
When shades of death came gathering on,
And darkness seemed to rest upon
All, all of earth. O! then a light
Celestial burst upon my sight;
'Twas Bethlehem's bright and beaming star;
Then clouds and shadows fled afar:
My Saviour! Thou who didst illumine
My soul through all that night of gloom,
I saw Thee still.

I heard Thee still,
When languid, feeble, faint, and low,
My very pulse scarce seemed to go,
And noiseless was the nurse's tread
Around my sick and feverish bed;
When not a human voice or word
Was there permitted to be heard,
One "still small voice" from heaven came;
My Saviour! blessed be Thy name,
I heard Thee still.

I loved Thee still,
When torpor seemed to seal mine eye,
And freeze my heart to apathy;
When not a sigh for life was given,
And hope was gone of all but heaven;
When from the friends but once too dear
To part did scarcely cost a tear;
My heart to things of earth so dead,
My Saviour! till its life had fled,
Had loved Thee still.

I'll trust Thee still;
Then, though the shades of death are near,
I'll see Thee still; and can I fear?
When to my ear no human voice
May come, I'll hear Thee say, "Rejoice!"
When the fond heart has bade farewell
To earthly love—loved, O! so well—
When life is ebbing out apace,
Then, Saviour, through thy truth and grace,
I'll trust Thee still.

SEARCH THE SCRIPTURES.

JOHN v. 39.

YEA, search them, for in them thou'lt surely find
 Knowledge most precious, words of life and light,
 Wisdom surpassing all of human kind,
 And virtue yielding the most pure delight.

Faith that will stand thee in the hour of death,
 Hope that will light thy pathway to the tomb,
 And charity, that to thy latest breath
 Will cheer thy heart, and all thy soul illumine.

Pure precepts, bright examples there thou'lt find;
 Purest and brightest, for the Lord on high
 To frail mortality was even joined,
 To teach us how to live and how to die.

O, may we prize such knowledge; may we live
 To ponder o'er the precepts of our Lord,
 And fix them in our hearts, and glory give
 To Him who gave us his most precious word.

THE SUPERANNUATED MINISTER.

2 TIM. iv. 7.

THE veteran could no longer
 Wield the weapons he had borne,
Yet waxed his spirit stronger
 When he of strength was shorn.
His zeal grew but the warmer
 When the chill of death was near,
Then he furbished up his armor
 Like a warrior's, bright and clear.

His work they said was ended,
 He tried to say "'Tis well;"
The hour he'd have forefended
 Had come; it seemed the knell
That told him his commission
 His Captain had required:
Then he took his sad dismissal,
 Worn, faint, but never tired.

“There’s rest,” he said, as sighing,
 “For me but in the grave;
I cannot rest from trying
 The souls of men to save.
I must be up and doing,
 Though set aside as done :
Faint, faint, yet still pursuing,
 Till the battle’s fairly won.

But the flesh refused the spirit,
 That only then gave way,
When it might no more inherit
 Its tenement of clay.
His work indeed was ended,
 Because his life was o’er,
So to rest the spirit wended,
 When the flesh could work no more.

THE SUNSHINE OF THE CROSS.

GAL. vi. 14.

Suggested by Caldwell's "Shadow of the Cross."

THE noontide sun is beaming from the bright meridian
sky,
And all things below are gleaming in the radiance
from on high.
How beautiful ! how splendid ! the world enrobed in
light,
For the darkness all is ended, and over is the night.
The sun's effulgent brightness has shadows chased
away,
While hearts for joy and lightness are blessing the
glad day.
In yonder church God's people do learn the way on
high ;
On yonder church's steeple, as if touching on the
sky,
A cross is shining brightly in the sun's meridian ray,
That pointeth daily, nightly, to God, to heaven, always :

An emblem fit and glorious of grace, grace full and
free,

Through him o'er death victorious, who bore the cross
for me :

It casts such gleam of glory, that radiant cross on
high,

On things time-worn and hoary, they seem unto the
eye

Renewed, rejuvenated, in the life-giving glow ;
Heaven's youth as antedated, and Christ's reign begun
below.

O, to feel the blest beginning of that reign of peace
within ;

That end of care and sinning, the millennium doth
begin !

That burnished cross seems warming with such blessed
light and heat,

That my very soul 'tis charming with its influence
pure and sweet,

To rise above the earthy, and to be no more a clod,

But to strive to be more worthy of my Maker and my
God.

O, blessed cross, the beauty of thy sweet attractive
light

Hath wooed my heart to duty—hath won it to the
right !

Then, radiant cross, thy shining I will bless for ever-
more,

With influence refining my poor heart that upward
bore

Away from earth to heaven—from dark clouds and
night away,

To where is ever given the pure light of perfect
day,

Where the cross of Christ is lighting all heaven with
its rays,

Angelic souls inciting to redoubled songs of praise ;

In the night time of affliction, beauteous worlds it
gave by night ;

I perused its bright inscription, blessed words of life
and light :

“By this conquer!” great and glorious that cross’s
potency,

For by it all victorious I, even I, might be,

And powers of darkness never should be suffered me
to harm,

While I held the charm that ever would my every foe
disarm.

Blest talisman, I’ll hold thee unto my heart of
hearts,

There, blest Ægis, I’ll enfold thee till soul from body
parts ;

Blest beacon, safely guiding my frail life's bark to
the shore;

Thee, when every storm outriding, I shall bless for
evermore.

All safety and all blessing, exemption from all loss,
I'll feel I am possessing while I keep in view the
cross;

Then my gaze I'll rivet on it like to one in life and
death,

Who through troubles sore did give it her tried and
trusting faith,

It no idol-worship paying, but, with humble, prayerful
heart,

All her strength upon it staying. O, what peace it
did impart—

Peace, the blessed boon of Heaven; and she counted
all things loss,

So that to her soul was given the blest sunshine of
the cross.

My life's sky is *not* beclouded, like hers, by mists and
tears,

Nor my life's pathway beshrouded by dark forebod-
ing fears.

I've had *no* life's *great sorrow* to bow my head with
care,

To plant untimely furrow, and silver o'er my hair,

But yet my soul desireth for my life's brighter day,
As much, as much requireth, that soul-illuming ray;
That earth is never granting—earth's glory is but
gloss—

My soul, my spirit's wanting the sunshine of the
cross.

THOUGHTS RETROSPECTIVE.

PSALM cxix. 59.

I TRIED the world, its pleasures all;
Each vain pursuit of earth's abode,
Each meteor ray, however small,
I followed—all but thee, my God!

All, all but Thee, thou precious Lamb,
Who only couldst have led me right:
On all I called, on all, O, shame,
But on the God of life and light!

I called, but none could answer—Peace:
My heart was overwhelmed with woe;
My mind was troubled, and no ease
My burdened spirit seemed to know.

What could I do? Where might I go?
No help, no refuge did I see;
'T was darkness and despair, till, lo!
My blessed God, I turned to thee.

Then, then did life and light arise,
And healing came upon thy wing:
All banished were my tears and sighs,
Peace, joy within my heart did spring.

For thou wast mine, my God of love—
Mine, thou my Saviour, brother, friend:
For this my soul be raised above,
In highest praise, till time shall end.

And when eternity shall rise,
My soul, may still the theme be thine,
And join with myriads in the skies
To swell the praise of love Divine.

THREE-SCORE YEARS AND TEN.

PSALM xc. 10.

INSCRIBED TO MY VENERABLE FRIEND OF LXX.

THY pilgrimage will soon be o'er,
 'Tis nearing to the end ;
The shadows lengthen more and more,
 The dews of night descend,
And heavier falls the snow of years,
 Time's furrows deeper grow :
There's naught about thee but appears
 The flight of time to show,

Except thy *heart—that* grows not old ;
 No! genial, warm and young,
As if old Time had never told
 Its age, with palsied tongue.
How beautiful the green old age,
 Whose leaf's not withered when
Upon life's lengthened pilgrimage
 "The hand" strikes three-score ten.

Full three-score years and ten thou art :

How long the time must seem

Since sunny youth first threw athwart

Thy life its morning beam !

But mists of age can cast no gloom

Upon thy spirit, when

Faith holds the lamp of life t' illumine

Life's three-score years and ten.

The light that shineth more and more

Unto the perfect day,

Still shall it gild thy pathway o'er,

And cheer thy lengthened stay :

Thank God, that soul-reviving light

Is not withholden, when

Doth come upon our life the night

Of three-score years and ten.

Thank God, the searing touch of Time

Can never reach the soul ;

For, (taught us by our faith sublime,) .

When vanished as a scroll

Are Time and Time-things here below,

The immortal soul shall then .

Look to a life whose limits know

No three-score years and ten.

WILL YE ALSO GO AWAY?

JOHN vi. 67.

Written after Communion.

AH, yes ! they seemed as careless
As though Christ had never died ;
And so light, and gay, and fearless,
Though themselves had pierced his side.
They coldly viewed each token
Of the Lamb that once was slain—
Shed blood, and body broken,
For them, alas ! in vain.

Was there sign of no relenting ?
No ! away, away they hied,
Unmindful of repenting,
Thoughtless of the Crucified !
Bent, bent on earthly pleasure,
How they hurried through the aisle !
They had only time and leisure
For the compliment and smile !

They seemed as loosed from prison,
That gay and careless throng;
From prayer but scarce arisen,
And scarce ended Zion's song;
Till with tumultuous rushing
Along the aisle they pour,
One another almost crushing
First to gain the open door.

They've turned their backs for ever
On the Lord of life within;
Now their ransom He'll be never,
They must perish in their sin.
They minded not that pleading,
"Will ye also go away?"
Uncaring and unheeding,
All, all refused to stay.

Contemned, insulted Saviour!
Thus crucified anew,
Yet pardon their behavior,
"They know not what they do:"
Remove their guilt and blindness,
Their hardness take away,
For all thy loving-kindness
Then surely some will stay.

No, no ! all has been tried
Full often and again ;
They mock the Crucified,
They ridicule the slain.
The Spirit's interceding,
The Church's call to-day,
And the Saviour's gentle pleading,
From all they've turned away.

SABBATH EVENING.

“The Sabbath a delight.”—ISAIAH lviii. 13.

O, how sweet the Sabbath evening !
Calm and still the world appearing,
As if gently harmonizing—
As if sweetly sympathizing :
Like the Christ-voice to the ocean,
To the soul the hour's devotion.

O, how sweet the Sabbath evening !
To the heart how gently cheering !
Anthem with the hour symphonious,
Nature sends up, grand, harmonious,

And the heart chimes with emotion
In the sacred hour's devotion.

O, how sweet the Sabbath evening!
Sweet as if to heaven nearing;
Sweet as if from earth receding,
While the soul 'tis gently leading
From the world's too rude commotion,
To the heaven of pure devotion.

THE PAST YEAR.

PSALM xc. 9.

A YEAR has gone—another year
Of my three-score and ten;
Yea, gone for ever—it can ne'er
Return to me again.

But would I wish, indeed, recalled
The past, the chequered year?
And would I once again behold
Its times and seasons? Ne'er.

Ne'er would I have it back again,
Nor count its hours all o'er,
Although it lengthened out life's chain
To better than four-score.

How might again my spirit e'er
Brook all its grief and pain?
Its pleasures—would my heart not fear
To live them o'er again?

For many pleasant hours have flown
Even with the year away;
But many sad ones too have gone:
Then shall I mourn it? Nay.

If joy has gone, well, so has grief;
If pleasure, so has pain;
And if my stay on earth's more brief,
I sooner heaven may gain.

Then, Year that's past, to thee farewell!
Thou Present, welcome even,
That thou unto my soul may'st tell
'Tis somewhat nearer heaven.

FULL OF YEARS.

PSALM lxxi. 18.

How many changes have been o'er me;
How many years have passed away;
How many loved ones gone before me;
How time has fled, yet here I stay!

I stay, and wherefore do I stay?
My God, I trust to do thy will!
If so, I would not be away,
But gladly do and suffer still.

Would I, because alone and dreary,
Resign my task before 't is done?
Why, why my heart so faint and weary,
Now that the race is almost won?

A few more years or hours away,
Ere I may gain my promised rest;
A few more setting suns to stay,
Ere I am numbered with the blest.

And when I gain that blissful heaven,
Sure I shall think me well repaid
For the poor service I had given
To God, while on the earth I stayed :

To Him who has the right to all—
All that my ransomed powers can give :
Sure, now whatever may befall,
I may not murmur that I live ;

But joy that I am counted meet
To drink the cup my Saviour hath ;
To tread the way his sacred feet
Pursued, as their own earthly path ;

To be the very least and lowest
While here on earth, so that I may
Be, Lord, among the ones thou knowest
As thy redeemed at the last day.

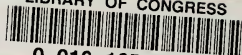
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